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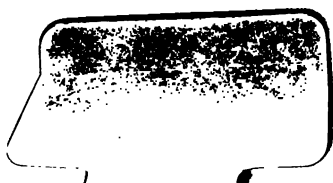
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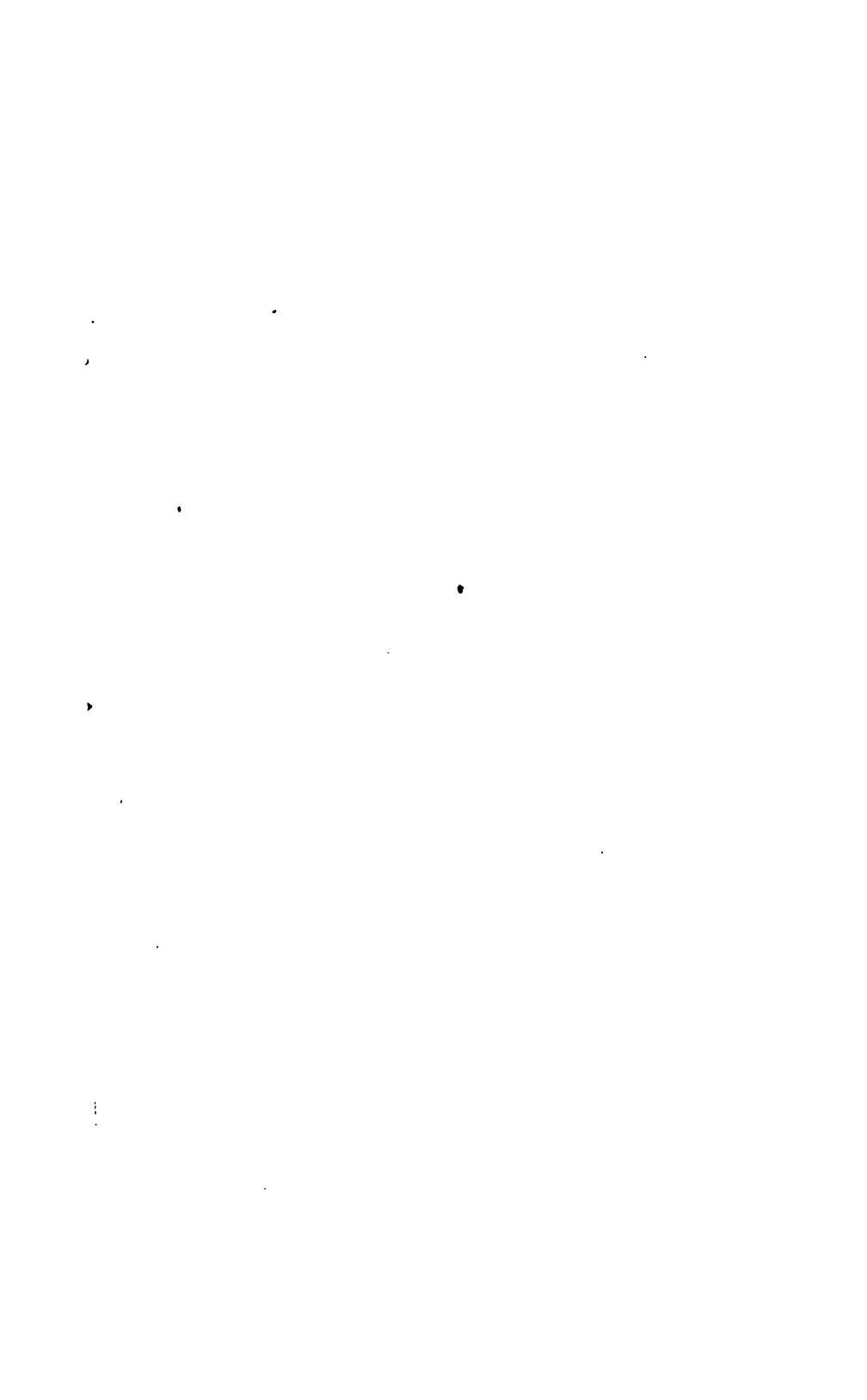
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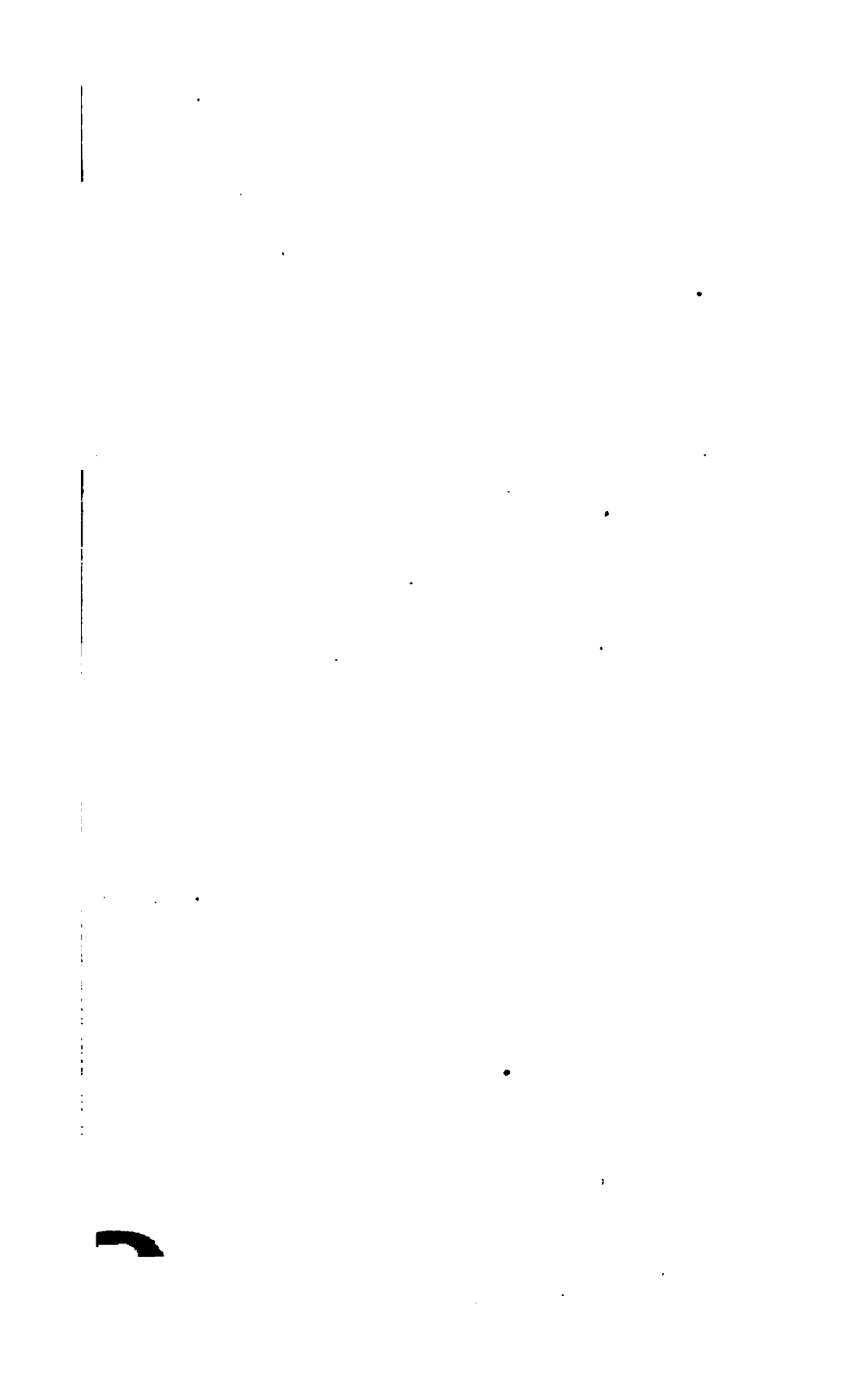
47.1495.





47.1495.







THE

PROPHET OF GALILEE.

O Musa, tu che di caduchi allori,
Non cirondi la fronte in Eliconà,
Ma su nel cielo infra i beati cori
Hai di stelle immortali aurea corona ;
Tu spira al petto mio celesti ardori,
Tu rischiara il mio canto, tu e perdona,
Se intesso fregi al ver.



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1847.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY G. J. PALMER SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

A LEPER in thy sight, O Lord ! I place
My hand upon my lip, and cry, Unclean ;
Albeit I dare beseech Thee, for the grace
Of Thy dear Son, Thou wilt toward me lean
In pardon, and not cloud Thy brow serene,
If, bold of step, I venture nigh Thy word ;
If mortal breath profane its holy sheen :
So may for me Thy depths of love be stirred,
Nor on Thy darker page my sin be registered.

Fain would I deem, in singleness of thought
I have approached each sov'ran attribute,
Justice and Grace ; and may the lesson, fraught
With lofty lore, deep in my heart have root,
And, of Thy Spirit nurtured, bear the fruit
That ministers to life ; that with a mind
Tempered aright, I may refrain dispute,
In aught thou bid'st me do, and mercy find,
Like Seer and City old, when from Thy will declined.

“ THE WORD IS VERY NIGH UNTO THEE ; IN THY
MOUTH, AND IN THY HEART, THAT THOU MAYEST
DO IT.”

CORRIGENDA.

- P. 21. The line commencing " With bow of steel" and five following lines, should be transposed—thus,

" With bow of steel prepare, and plate of mail,
He clouds his face, and what shall all avail ?
Cry to thy gods, some journey far they take,
Or peradventure sleep, and will awake—
Where is the dwelling of thy stately ones,
Where walked in pride of power thy lion sons ?"

- P. 32. Last line but two, comma for the full stop after " round."

- P. 35. Line 8, comma after " mould."

- P. 45. Line 10. " Roll back the hope dawning birth" Insert "*of*" between " hope" and " dawning."

- Do. Last line but three. " Was *is* that he" correct "*it*."

- P. 167. Line 9, for "*ferial*" read "*fecial*."

- P. 228. Line 12, for "*passed*" read "*past*."

far the heaving fountaine were,
Flowed its flood but there or here.

Nor in heaven, that thou should'st sigh
For a knowledge all too high,
Crying as from depth unheard,
Who shall call it down—the Word ?
Not inhumed in glooms below,—
Thought that tells perforce of woe,
When we would not have it so—
That thy thirsting lip should say,
Who shall bring it thence to day ?—
Far the healing fountain were,
Flowed its flood but there or here.

He that gave the blessed Book,
 Who for man his likeness took,
 On a world of sin did light
 From his empyrean height;
 And with flight as far beneath,
 Chained for us the powers of death;
 But His grace, nor hell nor heaven
 Could confine, to earth 'twas given.

Keep the words the Book contains,
 So shalt be where now He reigns—
 Keep them not; the silver cord
 That still binds thee to thy Lord,
 Needs will fly thy trembling touch,
 When the throes of death approach,
 And thy parted spirit, lower
 Far than His, the gloom explore.
 Deeper-dark for thee th' abyss—
 And the date, what thine to His?
 Risen from death, no more He dies—
 Ah, how long, ere thou shalt rise!

Yes, the Word is very nigh thee,
 Ever, while thou livest, by thee ;
 Very near thee harbours it,
 Do the bidding thereon writ :
 Do the will of God, and so
 Shalt thou of the doctrine know ;
 Seek to do it, heart and nerve,
 Never from its bidding swerve.
 Do, and love and joy divine
 Shall be thine, and ever thine ;
 Shun to do, and thou wilt rue
 Thou didst ever fail to do.
 Wherefore faint, or pause or turn?—
 Sweet the call ; the threatening stern ;
 And the end is clear to read,
 Though the path be hard to tread.

Wo were us, if to the weak
 'Twere denied the truth to seek ;
 If the harsh and wordly wise
 Pierced alone the mysteries ;

And the myriads else of earth,
Hungered in appalling dearth !
What is written ? How dost spell ?—
Blessed they who do the will—
Lo ! the boon of life unfettered,
Nor by doubtful strife embittered.
Hard, and difficult of reach,
Is the lore that sages teach ;
Couched in phrase perplexed and hard,
Niggard, empty the reward ;
Even if won, requiting nought
The soaring reach, the patient thought.
Never, ponder every name,
Blazoned on the scrolls of fame,
Never shalt thou find the sage
Master of the golden page,
That should fill his longing breast,
That should lull his doubts to rest ;
That should teach him wherefore sent
To a world of discontent,

Where inquiry seeks in vain,
 Truth for doubt, and peace for pain.
 To the simplest now is given
 Power to read the plan of heaven ;
 And for this, were naught beside,
 Would I bless the Lord who died.

Sad, upon a distant shore
 Mused a sage in time of yore,—
 'Twas the time when through the earth
 Went the Gospel summons forth ;
 Young albeit, as men account,
 He had drunk at wisdom's fount ;
 And its waters bitter-sweet
 Added to his thirsting heat.
 He had sought the depths to sound,
 Where they said the truth was found ;
 Sought as they alone have sought,
 Who, to compass their high thought,
 Lands and life have counted naught.

Patient, ever toiling on,
 Hopeful, trustful, had he gone :
 Many a weary steep had passed,
 But to view a wider waste ;
 And the longing of his soul,
 Still, as ever, sought the goal.

Chief, the schools of Greece amid,
 Had he tracked the knowledge hid.
 Weapons theirs of edge refined,
 Skill'd to probe the subtle mind ;
 Leaving unattempted nought
 In the labyrinth of thought.—

But the wise who harboured there.
 Recked not of the Spirit's care ;
 To its weakness and its need
 They were but a broken reed ;
 Yea, its wants they crusted o'er
 With their false pernicious lore,

Or with philosophic sneer
 Chill'd its longing, chid its fear.
 But the bolt that struck them down
 By their pride was forged and thrown.
 They from men apart had sate
 In a vain and selfish state,
 In their robe enfolding them,
 Lest the herd should touch its hem,
 And they changed, as best they might,
 Truth and falsehood, wrong and right ;
 But of hearts corrupt and dead,
 Nor thought occur'd, nor word was said.

But that herd arose at length,
 As a giant in his strength ;
 Words of import, grave and deep,
 Woke them from their hoary sleep ;
 When the mighty Teacher called,
 Back those sages shrunk appall'd,
 And in shattered fragments fell
 Their weak-founded citadel.

But those halls, though rent, decayed,
Oft the curious step have stayed ;
Men of warm imaginings
Needs will love exploded things ;
Yea, with ill-considered toil,
Some essayed the doom to foil,
And, regardless of the signs,
Sought anew to build the shrines.
One, the Apostate Chief, arose,
Subtle, penetrative, close ;
Half the might of earth was his,
And he gave his soul to this,
How the blow might deepest tell
On the Head he swore to quell,
And he smote, and failed, and fell.

Nor alone that chief, I trow ;
So would do like dreamers now,
Cold of heart, though not of brain,
Ye, that ask those days again,

From the scrolls of Eld declare,
 If ye may, how man should fare,
 Meek, yet of a stedfast mind,
 To all chance and change resigned ;—
 Search again, nor leave unsaid
 How to smooth the dying bed.

'Mid the Haunters of the Porch
 Had the Student bent his search ;
 But their maxims, stern and cold,
 Fitted ill his ardent mould ;
 They but mocked his questioning,
 When they bade him be a king,
 Every genial thought reprove,
 Call weakness pity, frailty love,
 To some abstract heartless name
 Virtue call'd, direct his aim,
 And believe, denuded so
 Of the feeling bosom's glow,
 That the goal of life was gained,
 And the perfect truth attained.

For a space had he conversed
In the school at Croto nursed :
There of changes fanciful
To the toss'd and wandering soul ;
And of harmony's high laws,
As the universal cause ;
Of the pow'r in number seated ;—
Such the lore his ear that greeted—
But within there jarr'd a chord,
As the smooth discourse he heard.
Still the fire within him burned,
And he sighed, and from them turned.

In the groves of Academe
He had mused on Plato's dream,
And, the airy shapes among,
That around him seem'd to throng,
One of heavenly symmetry
Filled his thought and fixed his eye ;
And its whisper reached his heart—
“ Man, a living soul thou art.”

Prized, though late, the knowledge gained,
 But his pain it nursed and fanned.
 "Where," he mused, "the Intelligence
 That informed my baffled sense ?
 Where, the Infinite throughout
 Shall I seek to solve my doubt ?
 How shall man, of sight obscure,
 Gaze upon that Essence pure ?
 To what subtler element
 Must I conquer the ascent,
 Ere the vision all divine,
 And the certainty, be mine ?

"And must I bow me in my need,
 O Pyrrho ! to thy gloomy creed,
 The search that seeks the cause resigned ?
 And from an apathetic mind
 Naught certain hold, but sense alone,
 And in all else, no science own ?

" Yet better so, than to that sense
 " Gross, unimaginative, dense,
 " All sovereign good ascribe, and give
 " To pleasure all the life we live ;
 " Than say, with chaplet-circled brow,
 " ' To-morrow death, be happy now ;'
 " Holding the sentient part of man
 " Coëval with his narrow span ;
 " And to this goodly frame and fit,
 " This ordered world and fair, permit
 " No Cause Intelligent, but deem
 " The power that haunts my soul a dream.

" Sad fate of man, that all he knows
 " Is certainty of wants and woes ;
 " But how to cancel, how assuage,
 " Passes skill of leech or sage.

" Ah ! if clue be never given,
 " And my soul be darkly driven,

" In conjecture's eddies tost,
 " And mid jarring precepts lost,
 " Needs must I the day bewail,
 " When, in venturous bark and frail,
 " I explored thy boundless sea,
 " O confused Philosophy!
 " Happier, had my wiser mind
 " Never to thy depths inclined ;—
 " O for that oblivious draught
 " By the shades in Hades quaffed !
 " So with child-simplicity
 " Would I live unvexed by thee,
 " And the peace of heart were mine
 " That I weep for, and resign."

Better was his need supplied ;
 As he spoke, appeared his guide—
 He that longs for truth and sighs,
 If he strive, shall take the prize.
 Plain, in homely language dress'd,
 Were the truths the teacher press'd.

In his eye the tear-drop glistened,
 As he bowed his head and listened,
 While the aged man who spake
 Pointed him the path to take ;
 Bade him his old lore unlearn,
 And to other teacher turn—
 To the Teacher slighted, slain—
 Light the labour for the gain ;
 And with preparation fit
 At that Teacher's feet to sit,
 With a humble heart and meek,
 Apt to hear, nor rash to speak ;
 Ready, beyond all, to do
 What that Teacher's word shall show.

And the Book was given to him,
 And he read the wondrous scheme,
 And his heart within him stirr'd
 As he marked the warning word,
 " Few the sons of wisdom chosen"—
 For he knew their hearts how frozen !

And he fared a preacher forth
'Mid the great and wise of earth.
Calm at first, away they turned ;
Soon with wrath and hatred burned,
And, his invitation scorning,
Slew him for his word and warning.

Courage then, O lowly heart !
So believe, and do thy part,
Only with exceeding care,
Lest thou fail in aught, beware.
Grace resisted will disturb,
Light indulgence foil the curb ;
Thou must take the cross and live,
From the world a fugitive,
Yet a soldier stout and bold,
Lest the wolf invade the fold.
Brace the helmet to thy head,
See thine armour rivetted ;
Take the shield of faith in hand,
And the Spirit's mighty brand.

So equipp'd, hold watch and ward,
Every outlet fence and guard ;
Leave no charge or word undone,
Else thy fastness shall be won.

WHETHER in wild and tangled brake,
 Musing, thy lonely way didst take,
 Regardless of the savage brood
 That roam and ravin there for food ;
 Though shunning thee with smothered glare,
 As conscious more than man was there,

Son of Amittai ?—

Or stretched beneath some feathered palm,
 Or prophet-haunted juniper,
 Didst mark with eye sedate and calm,

The tempest from its cradle stir,
 With thunder-clouds the mountains wreathing,
 Through the dead air its hot breath breathing,—
 Or sharedst with the bittern shy,
 Its prey some sedgy islet nigh ?—

Or in the city

(Most solitary there) wast wending,
 While men, the forehead earthward bending,
 Nor looked, nor uttered forth a word,
 But knew the Prophet of the Lord ?—

Or stoodst upon some mountain high,
 The deep-mouthed cave before,
 While rushed the wind across the sky,
 Though He came not in its roar ;
 While toppling crags the earthquake rent,
 While hissing fire before thee went,
 Though wind and flame and deep earth-rent,
 No solemn summons bore ;
 Till, when the strife had passed away,
 And over all deep silence lay,
 Thy forehead in thy mantle folding,
 Thy heart a quicker measure holding,
 And every pulse more deeply stirr'd,
 The still, calm-whispered Voice was heard ?—

Where wast thou, when the Spirit of God
 Met, and would send thee with a rod ?
 Or haply, when the seraph came
 With coal of fire thy lip to cover,
 Type of the solemn cloven flame
 That o'er the chosen Twelve should hover ?—

Thus spake the Word, “ Arise and go
 “ To that great city Nineveh,
 “ And cry against it,
 “ For its rank sin has reached to Me.”

Shadows of departed days !
 Wrecks by the wave of Time upcast !
 Be scattered from my clouded gaze,
 And give me all the Past.
 Rent be the veil from old tradition,
 That my clear-sighted vision
 May pierce the gulf of years profound,
 And light upon that solemn ground,

That I may scarcely deem of earth,
 So nigh it treads creation's birth !

It may not be—I cannot see
 That city—that great Nineveh—
 My spirit faints to gaze upon
 That seat of the Mighty Hunter's Son ;
 Those giant walls by giants piled,
 So vast and huge, the boldest foe
 Had never thought within to go,
 Had God not on their battle smiled.—
 Fain would I mingle with the throng,
 Greater in their multitude
 Than e'er in fancy trooped along,
 But they are stern of mood,
 Stern in their awful revelries,
 Stern in their fierce career of sin,
 And to their nameless mysteries
 I would not enter in.

Wo to that city ! that polluted city !
 The proud oppressor—she that hath no pity—
 That underneath her feet the nations ground,
 And in steel gyves their captive princes bound.
 Saidst thou, “ I am, and there is none but I,
 “ What God shall humble me, what man defy ? ”
 The Lord, the LORD, thy goodly strength will mar,
 So gird thee as thou wilt to meet the war ;
 With bow of steel prepare, and plate of mail,
 Or peradventure sleep, and will awake—
 Where is the dwelling of thy stately ones,
 He clouds his face, and what shall all avail ?
 Cry to thy gods, some journey far they take,
 Where walked in pride of power thy lion sons ?
 Ages to come shall seek thy place to scan,
 But thou shalt leave no monument for man :

Great was thy wealth, and full thy treasury,
 Tarshish and Ophir brought their gold to thee—
 Among barbaric hosts shall all be shared,
 And time shall waste what sated foes have spared.

As swarming locusts are thy mighty crowned,
 Thy serried files of captains hide the ground—
 The sun will rise, and they shall leave no trace,
 And men shall seek, and never know their place.
 The swarthy Moor and Libyan were thy strength,
 So distant-reaching was thy falchion's length—
 Thou shalt be levelled with the trampled ground,
 All sanguine with thy children's blood around,
 Thy captive daughters o'er thy fall shall mourn,
 And none shall give their ashes to the urn.

Thou art a place of waters, Nineveh,
 And as a rampart are their waves to thee—
 Thou shalt be desolate, and the choking sand
 Shall stop thy springs, and whiten o'er thy land ;
 All flocks shall crouch, all beasts of prey shall
 prowl,
 Lion and spotted pard, and jackall foul ;
 The owl shall hoot where kings held revel high,
 And the rough satyr to his fellow cry ;

Within each cedar hall and pillared court
 The cormorant and harsh bittern shall resort,
 And all shall hiss who pass—it shall be so,
 For so the Prophet hears, “ Arise and go
 “ To that great city, Nineveh, and cry
 “ Against it, for its dark iniquity
 “ Is come before Me.”

But he fled,
 O faithless Prophet ! from the place—
 Away, as winged by fear, he sped,
 And sought to hide him from the face
 Of Him who never looks upon
 An atom of the universe,
 But the full sum of depth and height,
 Chaotic darkness, holy light,
 Are present to His throne.
 Even so fled Adam, when the curse
 Dark o’er him hung. Once, when the voice
 Of God was heard, he would rejoice,

And go forth to hold converse high
With the Eternal Majesty.

Lost privilege of Innocence !
How many weary ages rolled
Ere man that Presence might behold !
And when at length He walked anew
On the changed earth, what number few
Were found, alas ! of sense,
To worship the Incarnate Lord,
And treasure every hallowed word !

That prophet had small brotherhood
With him whom fed the raven-brood :
The Tishbite heard, nor tarried space,
Though bidden to the wilderness,
When the parch'd earth no dews should bless,
But calmly sought th' allotted place ;
Nor doubted he should see that sight,

His need by raven fed ;
 And with the sun and with the night,
 The shy and savage bird would light,
 And yield his daily bread.
 And, when the runnel failed, his path
 Was traced by faith to Zarephath,
 Way long and hard, nor like to close
 In full and surfeited repose,
 But bound unto the widowed cote,
 Of her who could supply him nought,
 Save the scant cup he craved ;
 Who, faint and hopeless from the drought
 By him, the weary prophet, wrought,
 To dress the measure saved
 Of meal and oil,—had come, to gather
 Two sticks, so small her need,—that she,
 And the young child upon her knee
 Might eat, and die together :—

Or when, in more than mortal might,
 He frowned upon the angry king,
 And bade him unto Carmel's height

The priests of Baal bring,
 And mocked them and their Baal then,
 The while the bright sun shone,
 Though banded nigh five hundred men,
 He, to their sight, alone.

Be hush'd, be hush'd, presumptuous thought,
 Thine impious pride restrain ;
 Enough, the work of God was wrought
 By him thou dost arraign.
 Had he gone forth to speak the doom
 Of the oracle divine,
 Where were the storm and living tomb,
 And where the Type and Sign ?
 Idly thou look'st but to the end,
 And seest not how heav'n's dealings tend
 To make its purpose plain ;
 And He, who can proclaim his praise
 By lisping infants' tongue,
 Needs not, to justify his ways,
 That earthly nerves be strung.

And, as the light which flashed upon
 The Midianites amazed,
 When compassed round by Gideon,
 From earthen vessels blazed ;—
 So will the Spirit oft set his seal
 Upon the humblest brow,
 And kindle there such holy zeal,
 That all may see and know
 How vast are,—how inscrutable,
 The dealings of the Lord to tell !

Mourn if thou wilt, that erring seer
 Should from his faith decline ;
 But look upon thyself, and fear
 Lest heavier sin be thine.
 Thou hast a mission too, of love,
 Mightier than justest wrath ;
 Ah ! why so slow thy lips to move,
 Why linger on the path ?
 Thou knowest how straitened is thy Lord,

Till His high work be done ;
 Dost thou not tremble that His word
 Has ceased, as once, to run ?
 Faithless and weak, too oft thou fliest,
 That word to wistful ears deniest ;
 And that great argument which stirr'd
 The fearful seer to flee
 THE PATIENT-SUFFERING OF THE LORD,
 Is cold and dead to thee.
 Had his, as thine, like mission been,
 All earth had marked his zeal ;
 And would'st thou judge him for his sin ?
 Presumptuous heart ! be still.

* * *

To Tarshish bound, by Joppa's strand,
 Rides a tall argosy ;
 Full is her freight, her deck well mann'd,
 Her sails by westward breezes fann'd,
 And wherefore tarries she ?

An instant, with impatient nod
 The master bids delay ;
 For lo ! the messenger of God :
 Breathless he speeds—the deck is trod,—
 The word is said ; the sheet abroad,—
 And the tall ship bears away.

But in her bosom harbours One,
 Shall clothe in storms yon cloudless sun,
 And to her course a barrier place,
 Nor skill shall foil, nor strength shall raise.

Smoothly now advanceth she
 Through the loving murmuring sea—
 Pleasant 'tis to hear the gush
 Of the ripples by her rush,
 Sweeping on with louder swirl,
 As the freshening waters curl ;
 While, as comes the south wind, fast,
 Draws the sheet, and bends the mast ;

And, as seaman loves, the prow,
Deeper to the wave doth bow.

But the hissing surge shall spring
Where the ripple now doth sing,
And the gently-bending ship
With a shock and plunge shall dip;
From its courses, snap the sail,
Borne in shreds upon the gale,
While throughout the shrinking crew
Blanches each with sallower hue,
As upon the blast they deem,
Demon forms career and scream.

Guest of such peril never bore
The ship that sailed from Colchis' shore,
Nor that wherein the Ithacan
Held chafing in such fruitless span
The sullen winds, whose loosened strength
Should send his shallop down at length.—
And thou that dost with courteous greeting,
That stranger on thy deck accost,

Shalt soon deplore the perilous meeting,
 When o'er th' abyss and tempest-toss'd ;
 And he confess, long ere he die,
 That man from man, not God, may fly.

O Lord ! how finite is thy creatures' sight,
 How in their blindness would they span Thy
 - height !
 How seek, beyond earth's bounds, some distant
 sphere,
 And self-exulting cry, " No God is here."
 What tongue can tell, what wit of man express
 Thy pow'r sublime, thy wisdom measureless !
 What though in closest solitude I muse,
 Or memory seek in jarring crowds to lose ;
 My destined path, mine hours of care or rest,—
 The first faint dawn of thought within my breast—
 Each act and object of forgotten days—
 And all my present, all my purposed ways,—
 All, all, are seen and understood by Thee,
 All present to Thy vast immensity !

O wondrous span of wisdom ! depth intense !
 What thought can fathom God's omniscience ?
 What world is there—what dim and distant spot,
 Where the full prescience of His Spirit is not ?
 Whither my trembling soul, wouldst seek to fly,
 To hide thee from thy God's all-seeing eye ?
 If, Lord, in highest heaven I fain would hide,
 Thy present glory shall my rashness chide.—
 If, swift as angels fall'n, I sink to hell,
 There too I own Thy presence terrible.
 If I outvie the morn in rapid flight,
 And on the utmost bounds of space alight,
 Thy hand shall guide me still—Thy providence
 There, even as now, inform my erring sense ;
 Or, while I own the universal Pow'r,
 In the deep shades of night, if I shall cower,
 And say, " No eye shall pierce this dark profound,
 " None plunge the gloom within, that wraps me
 round."—

The solemn spirit that bade the light arise,
 Shall flash its presence on my dazzled eyes—

All gloom and depth of night Thy brightness flee,
 Darkness and light are both alike to Thee !

God looked upon their course, and saw
 The Envoy of His slighted law ;
 In glooms His awful face He shrouded,
 And heaven with blackest midnight clouded.
 He called the tempest from its caves,
 He loosed the winds and smote the waves,
 And full on their devoted path
 Poured all the fury of His wrath.
 Sharp sleet and hailstones, and the train
 Of lightnings, lashed and lit the main :
 Upon their track the billows swept,
 And their tall bulwarks overleapt,
 And ever as the lurid glare
 Stooped from its chamber in the air,
 The strong ship quivered to the keel,
 And seemed through all her frame to reel.
 And well I ween no other bark
 That tempest had withstood ;

None save the heaven-constructed ark,
 Had met such buffet rude :
 But to storm and wave their bound was given,
 Nor mast was strained, nor plank was riven,
 For the Lord his purpose would fulfil,
 To chasten, not to kill.

The labouring ship seems settling now
 Into the vast sea-hollow ;
 No foam-cloud dashes from her bow,
 And fast the surges follow.
 No longer o'er the chafing tide
 She seems like light sea-mew to ride ;
 But, as the panting courser reels
 Beneath the spurring horseman's heels,
 While tottering step, and glazing eye,
 And flank with foam embossed,
 Proclaim that life is on the die,
 And all beside it, lost :—
 So staggers through that tossing waste,
 The ship, by howling tempests chased ;

And not a friendly Pharos nigh,
 And not a planet in the sky,
 To cheer with bright, but helpless ray,
 The 'wilderer seaman on his way.—
 Faint lights and far, that seemed to gleam,
 For man alone with friendly beam,
 Till science, with her touchstone cold,
 Revealed them of earth's kindred mould.
 Where—ah, can misery reach so far?—
 Perchance all ~~terrene~~ passions are;
 Remorse and wrath, and hate and guile,
 And they, like earth, so bright the while.

They turn from their all-useless cares,
 And with a last and desperate hope,
 That with the storm they so may cope,
 Drag forth the vessel's costly wares,
 Nor any his poor venture spares.—
 Pearls, and red ingots of bright gold,
 And cloth from Syrian looms unrolled,

The unrelenting sea has ta'en,
 And the merchant ne'er shall count his gain.
 Little he thought in that calm bay,
 Where the good ship at anchor lay,
 And skilful hands in careful wise
 Were storing his rich merchandize ;—
 While to and fro with anxious look
 He moved, and notèd all in book,
 And saw not in his busy mood
 The cloud upon the horizon brood ;—
 Little he thought the hour how nigh
 When with rude grasp and careless eye,
 The wardens of his costly store
 Would scatter all, the dark seas o'er :—

Spices and gums medicinal,
 And that of greater price than all,
 The water which their parching lip
 Had then so grateful found,
 They toss from the tempest-leaguered ship
 Into the gulf profound :

No mortal foe that freight had gained,
While life to wield a brand remained ;
The charge they bore they still had kept,
Though the hot fight their deck had swept ;
But when the arms of GOD assail,
Man's cheek must blench, his courage quail.

Short space they stand, in hope to feel
Their vessel steadier on her keel,
But to and fro she rolleth slow—
They look into the hold below,
And start to see the waters flow ;
And think the stubborn timbers yield,
Though still compact the vessel's build,
And the mounting waves without alone
Have made the freightless space their own.

There is no more for skill or strength,
And the light of hope is quenched at length ;
Some few farewells are faintly said—
Some tears, it may be, shed :

They feel as of another world,
 Ere yet from this untimely hurled ;
 The unutterable sympathies,
 That link us by a thousand ties
 From love to coldness, nay, to hate,
 With man, weak slave of chance and fate,
 Till taught by heaven's own light to claim
 A higher hope, a nobler name ;—
 All passion and all prejudice—
 Ambition, lust, and avarice—
 All schemes of dark or daring reach
 Are withered to the core in each,
 Though haply in less desperate hour
 Such impulses had waked to power,
 And in that strait of last despair
 They think upon a prayer.—

They called not upon Him, whose throne
 Is bounded by no clime or zone ;
 Who placed the Pleiads in the sky,
 And gave them their sweet potency ;

Foolish of heart, they knew not Him
 Before whose face the sun is dim ;
 Who poised the earth on empty void,
 And Chaos' olden reign destroyed,
 While the morning stars together sang,
 And heaven with loud hosannas rang ;
 Who set the sea its destined room,
 When forth it burst as from the womb ;
 Robed it with clouds and darkness deep,
 While its infant strength was yet asleep,
 And " Thus far come, nor farther," said,
 " And here shall thy proud waves be stayed !"

They called upon their false gods then,
 Those blind benighted men ;
 Of Belus and Astarté chief
 They craved relief ;
 Stern Moloch of the bloody rites,
 And the idols of the Sepharvites,
 And Milcom red, a horrid brood,
 Begrimed with infant blood ;

Nergil and Succoth-benoth lewd,
 Nibhaz and Tartak then, names rude,

And sad to Christian ear.

Remphan, by Hellas Saturn named,
 And Belial in hell's councils famed ;
 Chemosh, and Syrian Rimmon too,
 And Tammuz—such, and more, the crew

They called to hear.—

Think ye, the storm less sternly raged,
 While vows so dark their hearts engaged ?

And where, in that sad hour, the Seer ?

The rocking surges, and the roar

Unceasing, were to him no more

Than lullaby to infant ear ;

And they who deem that innocence

Alone can know such tranquil rest,

Have never looked within the breast,

Whose careless, self-approving sense

No haunting conscience fears or feels,

Where quick oblivion soon conceals

The thousand shapes that would appal,
But for the veil spread over all.

But yet the reckoning hour will come,
Or here, or on the day of doom,
When heaven will rend that covering thin,
And show the shapes that crouch below ;
And they who deem their earlier sin
Cancelled and gone, if, haply, now
Some nobler aspirations flow,
Will start to see what giant growth

The weeds that choked the soul have taken,
And mourn, too late, the careless sloth
So rudely from its slumbers shaken,
And own the interval between
Repentance and neglect of sin.

The lingering love of earth and sky—
The love of life, the dread to die—
And these are stronger far than fools
Will own, who make, to mar their rules—

Will oft be banished from the bed,
 Where dying virtue lays her head ;
 And oft the slave of guilt and sin,
 Like leper tainted o'er within,
 Scarce human in his life of crime,
 Will calmly smile to meet his time,
 And gasp his soul away, nor know
 One pang of fierce remorse to show
 That mercy vainly lingers nigh,
 Or judgment thunders ere he die.—

But not the Good, when ebbs away
 Existence as a summer's day,
 And with a hushed and gentle tread
 Comes the stern Keeper of the Dead—
 Not the deep-perilled, careless soul,
 That shrinks not from the final goal—
 More tranquil-firm the hour await,
 Than he, unconscious of his state,
 Who echoes in his ebbing thought
 The lie by flatterers thither brought,

And, deeming all their praise his own,
 In fancy carves the unblushing stone,
 Nor makes the true, but trembling, sign—
 God ! be such parting never mine !

So slept the prophet, even as one
 Whose weary feet have led him on,
 Wildered and lost in starless night,
 To the sheer brink of some dread height,
 And faint and footsore lays him down
 Upon the precipice's crown,
 And knows not, in that weary tide,
 That death and he are side by side.

So slept he ! and beside him stood
 One drenched by the spray of the dashing flood—
 Even he, who but a while ago
 How short a while, how deep a woe !—
 Had welcomed on his stately deck
 The foot whose tread could cause a wreck ;

And thus in wondering wise addressed
Whom much he marvelled so at rest.

“ What mean’st, O sleeper—dost thou deem
“ That men in brunt like this may dream ?
“ Or car’st thou not that thou and we
“ Shall sleep our last beneath the sea ?
“ Arise, if hast or hope or fear,
“ Call to thy God, if he will hear.”

* * *

In the full time, a sail was set
Upon thy lake, Gennesaret,
And hardy was the crew :
Well skilled on either tack to sheer,
Nor doubtful how the helm to veer,
Should night o’er-cloud the view.
Down from the mountains swept the blast,
And o’er the howling waters passed ;
Till on their path, in giant force,

It burst, and in its fury, drave
High o'er their ship the heavy wave

That scarce she held her course.

Or was it that the Tempter still
His wrath unsated sought to fill,
Nor yet by past disaster taught,
Again with deeper malice thought

The mighty work to stay,
And from the full-expectant earth
Roll back the hope dawning birth,

That hailed the coming day?
Careless, in his all-settled hate,
Might he but check Redemption's date,
And even an hour, if only so,
Swell man's huge catalogue of woe?—
Was is that he upon them leapt,

With all the legions at his beck,

And thought to sink the purposed wreck
Ere He should wake who slept?

Toiled for awhile the desperate crew,
 As fast and fierce the tempest grew :
 Nor at the first, would each impart
 To each, the fear that chilled his heart ;
 Till bolder grown, the fainter waned

The faith that yet such increase needed,
 Aloud their doubts they spake, and plained
 Of Him they hoped had sooner heeded ;
 Who, as they deemed, himself would save—
 But would He snatch them from the grave ?

And so they came in their dismay,
 Where sleeping still the Saviour lay
 In stedfast slumber, nor unbound
 By the wild storm that raged around ;
 And, by the surges drenched, and pale,
 And crouching from the whistling gale,
 Cried with a loud and bitter cry,
 “ Car’st thou not, Master, that we die ?”

* * *

Oft, to my careless, wandering eye,
 Some show of seeming harmony
 Has brought a hidden purpose nigh ;
 And bade my passing footstep stay,
 The pleasing likeness to survey.
 But as I looked and pondered much,
 A wiser lore has come, to touch
 The phantom by my spirit wrought,
 And from the tablet of my thought
 Effaced the transitory shades,
 As breath that from the mirror fades,
 Each after each, except the first,
 Whence all the after-thought was nursed :
 And of my fancy light I deemed,
 Where things so wide, so like had seemed.

And so it may have been thy lot,
 Some hour thou hast not soon forgot,
 Two maidens of twin birth to see
 Faring onward lovingly,

Too like with aught beside to pair,
Each as other, tall and fair,
Each of like eyes and golden hair :
And thou, a man perchance of mood
To tenderness not soon subdued,
Hast followed distantly and slow,
Yet each from other failed to know—
But ask, as needs thou must, of those
Who watched the opening buds disclose ;
And they will smile, and say 'tis so
With all who pass them to and fro,
That of one shape they seem, and face,
Nor aught unlike can stranger trace :
And so they partly deem it truth—
And then they add, " 'Twas thus in sooth
" To us also, before they grew,
" That each from each we never knew ;
" But as they came to prattle forth
" Their infant wishes, woes, and mirth,
" We well nigh wondered whence it came,
" Ever, they seemed so much the same ;

" And now no likeness else they wear,
 " But such as other sisters bear,
 " And save, when any ask, as thou,
 " Nought brings to mind that likeness now."

And as with Nature's varied sheen,
 So is it with the things unseen.
 Nor deem the treasures of the Mind
 To those of olden time confined.
 Deep in that never-fathomed mine,
 Rich veins of unsunn'd metal shine ;
 But he who to their depth would win,
 Sincere of heart, must enter in.
 Beyond the ken of evil eye
 The sparkling ore doth buried lie ;
 For nought the search requites, but dross,
 Where thoughts impure the soul engross.
 And even as he that would explore
 The Mysteries revered of yore,
 In meditation walked apart,
 Awhile from earth to shield his heart ;

And came, arrayed in candid vest,
Hue, holy Innocence loves best,
So he that shall the garland wear
Must lave his heart from worldly care ;
Attired in fair sincerity,
All tortuous paths and fancies flee ;
And truth, for truth's bright sake alone,
Must be the light shall lead him on,
Brighter than even the fiery star
That points where Glory guides her car.

Of simple heart and earnest aim,
Would he aspire to lofty fame,
Must he nor cavil heed, nor sneer,
But calmly to his haven steer.
Oft with the Greatest is it shown,
Ere comes the hour that makes him known,
That men, declaimers ere they think,
Will cause him bow the knee and shrink ;
And he who comes to shake the earth,
And give new truths a glorious birth,

Has trembled, and his breath has held,
By hard conceit or coarseness quelled.

Not therefore—though perhaps awhile
He envies what he knows so shallow—

Let him essay to gain the smile
That mocks the gifts men soon shall hallow ;
For should he so his genius shame,
And flit a moth around the flame,
Scorching the bright and glorious wings,
That else had borne him nigh to heaven,
And barter his imaginings

For praise by courted cynics given—
Should he to censure meanly weak
The truth dilute, or spare to speak ;
Or pay to gold or station, court,
And task his strength to make them sport—
—Th' indignant conscience in his breast,
Do what he may, shall never rest ;
With growing envy shall he brood
Upon the Glorious Brotherhood,

Who once with solemn smile and sweet
 Bent down their Acolyte to greet ;
 But soon the unworthy purpose knew,
 And sad and awful back withdrew.
 Nor shall the busy voice of Fame
 Forbear its censure of his name ;
 For if the humblest gifts of heaven,
 Not for a selfish use are given—
 If man beyond his bounded sphere
 Must raise the bowed, the sorrowing cheer ;
 And chiefly service win, and love,
 As others' pains his pity move—
 How inexhaustible the hoard
 In the rich mind of genius stored !
 How, as of some old famous shrine,
 Must reverence to its words incline ;
 If mute or false the Oracle,
 What grief shall droop, what anger swell !

Question not thou, in whom arise
 Great-hearted thoughts and sympathies ;

But all who in their hour have risen,
 To point the path, or teach the lesson,
 Have fathomed not—who ever can?—
 The depth of truths that flow for man:
 And thou, in thine appointed day
 Mayest win a name as great as they,
 If, with like singleness pursued,
 Thy stedfast aim be still for good.

And if the things the eye can see,
 The Visible things, so varied be ;
 If more discursive far, the Mind
 No fellow to its thought can find ;—
 The ways of Heaven more wide diverge,
 Nor, save for purpose solemn, merge.
 Nor be thou quick, when on the page
 Thou dost thy studious look engage,
 In slight resemblances to mark
 A meaning, to the Spirit dark ;
 And when thou deem'st a close accord
 Controuls the page, and chains the word,

'Tis not enough, that outward show,
 Unless the likeness live below ;
 And to thyself perchance alone
 The rash and false conclusion's known.

But where deep glimpses visit thee,
 Of meaning and of mystery,
 Sacred are such ; they image forth
 In form and type, the perfect birth ;
 High miracles are they, and seals,
 Set to the truths that heaven reveals.

Nor in the Seer and Son would I
 Be rash, the likeness to descry ;
 The storm and sleep in each are seen,
 But O ! the interval between ;
 For he that slumbered first, was he
 Who from the Presence sought to flee :—
 The Sacred Head that pressed the pillow,
 When cradled on the crested billow,
 Was His, who wrought the Mission still,
 Through each sad change, unchangeable ;

Nor, till the willing sacrifice, began
 The Type and Image of the perfect Man.

As when upon the Indian main
 Some shipwrecked crew becalmed have lain
 In fragile pinnace pent, and long
 Have borne with hope subdued, but strong,
 The ever beating sun, the dank

Thick dews, that chill, not cool the breast,
 As vainly on the blistered plank

The throbbing head woos fitful rest,
 Though on the damp and livid brow
 Falls heat or dew unnoted now,
 With fang so keen, such talon fierce,
 Doth famine gaunt their bosoms pierce ;
 While to the miserable thought
 Remembrance strong perforce is brought
 Of riot huge, and wassail waste,
 When surfeit mocked the blunted taste—
 Of brimming cups so deeply drained,
 Seemed the red wine more redly stained—

—And the head is raised, and the bloodshot glance
 Darts covert round from eye askance ;
 Till, rapid on the electric spark,
 The purpose is known—the purpose dark—
 “ Why one and other, should we die,
 “ And feed the shark that swims so nigh ?
 “ Better,—who shrinks ?—that one for all,
 “ An hour before his time should fall ;
 “ Be the lots prepared, the victims ready,
 “ Though cheeks may blench, our hearts are
 “ steady :”

So in that heavy foundering ship
 The word is passed from lip to lip ;
 And each in simple fashion sought,
 Whose guilty deed that storm had wrought ;
 Nor deem the heaven that guides us still,
 Though we desert it as we will,
 Has never spoken in the Lot,
 And there alone its right forgot.

What though too oft the trembling cast
 Has sided with the unjust at last ?—
 'Twas thrown by reckless hands to shun
 The search of truth that might be won ;
 And the just Judge has turned aside,
 Nor willed the doubtful die to guide.

Remove from me the sacred book,
 And I would not despise to look
 Forth with a calm observant eye
 Upon the hazard of the die ;
 And as I deem, therein discern
 A ruling finger move the urn.

The lot is cast, the stranger taken,
 And slumbering conscience 'gan to waken.
 He slept while God in thunder spoke,
 When man's weak voice accused, he woke :
 And thus it is with me and you—
 Were but a tithe of that we do

With careless breast in sight of God,
 To earthly censure told abroad,
 How shame upon each cheek would burn,
 How should we blench and blush by turn !
 How would the sums of sins that mount
 So quickly for the dread account
 Unheeded now, be pondered all,
 Ere planned and placed beyond recall ;
 And though we stood denuded then,
 Of much that wins us praise of men,
 How well for many a guilty one,
 By secrecy of sin undone !

Brief question in that hour of fear,
 They ask of him, " Whence camest here,
 " And wherefore ? What the cause thou knowest
 " For this our danger ? Whither goest ?—
 " And how do men thy country call ?—
 " Thy name and language—tell us all."—
 " And thus he said, " A Hebrew I,
 " And of the one GOD testify—

" A faithless servant of the Lord,
 " Who only, by his Spirit's word,
 " 'Stablished the sure and stedfast earth,
 " And gave this raging water birth—
 " That Spirit have I known and felt ;
 " Once in my breast its influence dwelt ;
 " Mine was the vision all divine,
 " The prophet's glorious burden mine ;
 " But the last tidings were of wrath,
 " And I shunned the word, and I fled the path :
 " And westward have I sought to go
 " Forth from the Lord. The rest ye know."

A strange dark fear came o'er the men,
 A fear they ne'er had known till then.
 The terrors of humanity
 Had oft constrained them bow the knee ;
 But save from the natural voice within,
 That voice the simplest feel and own—
 Response or sign they ne'er had known,
 To tell of the Presence that scourges sin :

And now, that on the murky blast,
 Whistle by Death's arrows fast,
 The truth is felt, the light is found,
 But deeper the gloom that wraps them round.
 Before they thought but of the dead,
 Pillowed deep on ocean's bed,
 Or of bloated shapes that rise,
 Where becalmed some vessel lies ;
 Now far other dread is theirs—
 Dark-frowning, 'mid the gloom the Judge appears.

They stand aloof—they gaze in fear—
 No hand is laid upon the seer :
 Deemed they perchance his prayer of might,
 To save them from their dangerous plight.
 Holds he communion with the Unseen ?
 Why wears he else such brow serene ?
 But still the tossing surges leap,
 Still howl the winds upon the deep,
 And them and that spent ship beside,
 Naught meets the billows far or wide.

The prophet o'er the bulwark leant,
 Sadly to the flood he bent ;
 More could he than all their strength,
 And the destined time is come at length.
 Outspeaks that crew, " Declare to us,
 " Thou, for whose sin we suffer thus,
 " How we may deal with thee to ease
 " Our ship amid the wild wide seas ?"
 —" Cast me forth upon the main,
 " So shall the sea be calm again ;
 " Tarry not the thing to do,
 " Else must your lives my presence rue."

So would they not, but strove awhile,
 And plied their oars with desperate toil.
 Brave hearts ! that spite of th' angry wave,
 Yet wrought the guilty seer to save ;
 Full well they deemed his words all true,
 But hard they strained, that hardy crew,
 The sheltering port to gain ;

Though fiercer every hour the blast,
 Though feared they each might prove their last,
 Followed the storm so thick and fast,

So mountain-tossed the main.

'Twas half in faith, and half in love,
 Nor would I their attempt reprove.
 Believed they all—the Power incensed—

In thunder now, and tempest speaking—
 The Word—how little revered !—

The Judgment—o'er the guilty breaking,
 Yet trusted they, that guilty head

Some grace of heaven would yet deliver ;
 And the strong hope so lately dead
 Flashed up awhile ; then sunk for ever.

—Ready stands the sacrifice,
 Though no altar flame arise ;
 Priestly hands no rites prepare :—
 Sad and hurried is the prayer.

“ Hear, oh hear ! Jehovah great,
 “ Known alas, so well, so late ;

" Shield us from the guilt of blood,
 " We give to calm the raging flood ;
 " And, if he go, as they know,
 " No sin that so should work them wo,
 " His life of us require Thou not,
 " Nor brand us with the murder-spot—
 " Lord, Thou hast done as pleased Thee best."

Then upon the prophet's breast
 Their timid quivering hands they laid ;
 Naught he struggled or gainsayed ;
 Prayer nor cry escaped his lip,
 And they flung him forth the lightened ship.
 A moment would they fain have won
 Back again that sinking one,
 Even ere their hands were loosed,
 But a stronger dread refused.

Straight a marvel met their sight,
 Calm the billows changed, and bright.
 Bright as they alone can say,
 Who have sailed a summer day

O'er the beautiful Levant,
When its gusts have passed away ;
And the halcyon visitant
Loves, as legends tell, to brood
O'er its nestlings on the flood,
Gaining from the pitying sky
Gentle waters and untroubled,
Lest some curious ripple nigh
O'er the tiny bark had bubbled.

So was it when the Lord arose
From his deep unstirred repose—
Calm upon the storm He looked,
Calm the sounding waves rebuked,
Instant as the word was said,
Howling winds were hushed and dead,
And a glassy sea outspread.

And as they who heard the word,
Saw the calm and feared the Lord,

So the crew to Tarshish bound,
 Marvel as they look around,
 And to God their homage raise,
 Blent with fervour of high praise.
 Some regretful memories
 Of that truthful sacrifice
 Lingered with the passing cloud—
 Then, save for shattered sail and shroud,
 Save that one from sight had passed—
 One to be remembered ever
 Long as life and thought shall last—
 Might they deem, some sleepless fever
 Had scared their wit with fancied dread,
 Calm so deep the sea o'erspread.

Not a fathom sunk the seer
 In that vasty sepulchre ;
 Destined for another tomb,
 He had 'scaped the watery doom.
 Sudden from his swimming sight
 Died the misty sea-green light ;

Round him gurgling eddies curled—
On the rushing tideway whirled
He has found the bourne at last,
Won the port, the tempest passed.

For a Shape had followed there,
Through all change of foul and fair—
When the seer first trode the deck,
O'er the sea there came a speck ;
Fast it followed through the ocean,
With a straight unswerving motion ;
Till of shining bulk and dark,
Close it swum beside the bark,
Ranging ever on and back,
Never steadfast to one track,
Lure and barb alike unheeding,
Nor from ocean's fulness feeding.

But, when the billows mounted highest,
Or the deep abyss was nighest—

When in wild career and swift
Flew the ship athwart the drift—
Or by changing gusts o'erta'en,
Staggered, reeled, and rose again—
Followed then the Avenger close,
And on the same wave plunged and rose.

Watcher of the stedfast eye !
Slack not now, the hour is nigh—
Hark ! the tempest louder speaks—
On the main again it breaks
With so wildly-drear a wail,
That the very billows quail ;
For their flashing combs are sent
Far into the firmament,
And beneath the rushing power,
Beaten down, the waves all cower.

From that cloud of surf and surge,
How may the weary ship emerge,

When the very bird that soars
Highest where the tempest roars,
Spurning, for the murky riot,
Sheltering crags and shallows quiet ;
Blinded, bruised, a moment flies,
Screams, and in the hurley dies ?

—Yet, O steadfast Watcher ! near,
Nearer, through the darkness steer.
Though she sink, or breast the storm,
Thou shalt equally prevail—
Lo ! she bursts the misty veil,
And a patient-yielding form
Plunges 'neath the plunging sea,
Watcher of the Lord ! 'tis he.

“ THE PRAYER OF FAITH SHALL SAVE.”



THOUGH from the stir of life apart
I walk, and commune with my heart,
Old treasured thoughts now waxing strange,
Nor careful much for loss or change ;
Still, still alas ! false world, I own
 Thy chains are knit about me ever,
Still must the things I've seen and known
 Sit close beyond my will to sever ;
And with its bright regretful hues
On fancies old must memory muse ;
Else, if no base unworthy aim
Between me and my Maker came ;
If heaven were set mine eyes before,
Nor earth, nor earth's enchained me more,

Ah ! wherefore thus, reluctant soul,
 So slow to look toward the goal ?
 Why to the staff of prayer thus hold,
 With will so weak, and grasp so cold ?

O hidden heart of unbelief,
 So dumb to tell each cankered grief !
 So careless, thoughtless, worldly still,
 How think the Christian's glow to feel ?
 Why marvel at each wandering thought
 By fancy lured, by care distraught ;
 Nor know, that none to God can win,
 Whose soul is captive to his sin ?
 'Tis faith alone shall reap and cull
 The harvest and the vintage full ;
 And gather in an hundred fold,
 Treasure that wastes nor waxes old.

And how can I, to neither given,
 That shun the world, yet shrink from heaven ;

I, that to neither part incline,
 How hope the priceless treasure mine ?
 The food that saints and angels share
 Ill sorts with worldly cark and care,
 And when the fruits of earth are found,
 No more the manna frosts the ground. *
 Bow then, my knees, nor haste to rise,
 Till heaven be spread before mine eyes—
 Till meditation lift her veil,
 And shew her features sweet and pale—
 Till secret-doubting coldness die,
 And fears and difficulties fly ;
 And faith, from earthly shackles freed,
 Up to the gracious Presence speed.

So shall the wants that wring my breast,
 In prayer's full pleadings be expressed ;
 And I my onward path explore,
 With light that ne'er was mine before.
 And when upon that path I find

* Joshua v. 12.

Wayfarers, less than I resigned,
Perplexed and ever drawn aside
By folly's mask, or reason's pride,
Then would I from an humble heart
All old experiences impart ;
How, seemly-selfish, walked I too,
My faults concealed or coldly knew ;
How from that heart excuse I won,
For duties scorned or idly done ;
Abusing all by heaven vouchsafed,
Yet stung by slight, by censure chafed ;
Until consideration sent,
Made of the proud a penitent.—

And thou, my soul, more fervid-strong,
Implore, nor think thy service long ;
Nay mourn, thine earthly house of clay
Should yield so soon, when thou wouldst pray.
But so the more be watchful thou
With sacrifice of praise, and vow,

Lest the high temple be unfit
 For Him who deigns to dwell in it ;
 Nor, as thou would'st for ever live,
 The service of faint duty give.

Nor think that He, whose throne before,
 Angels with folly charged, adore ;
 Who pardons, when from man He takes
 The purest vows his spirit makes,
 Will listen with a look benign
 To prayer and worship such as thine,
 If, world-entangled, from its smile,
 Reluctant thou withdraw awhile,
 Eager anew to challenge it,
 And deem'st thyself discharged, and quit,
 For some scant hour of hasty prayer
 Thou canst not with its pleasures share ;
 Throwest impious, on thy God, the blame
 Of coldness that shall work thee shame ;

Nor seest in all the drowsy sloth
 That makes thee to His service loth,
 Reason the more to strive and pray,
 Not waste the time and court delay.

And are there not a thousand things
 Should stir thy zeal, and lend thee wings ?
 Should rouse thy fear, or touch thy love,
 Should warn or wake thee, melt or move ?
 What blessings crown and crowd thy days !—
 And win they not one song of praise ?
 How strangely meted to thy need,
 The burden unto thee decreed !

How many be, whose brow of care
 Speaks the brave struggle with despair,
 Yet bear within all sympathies,
 Nor let one gentler feeling freeze—
 How many, when the prayer is said,
 “ Give Lord, this day, the daily bread,”

And know not if He will supply—
 Find cheer for sterner misery,
 And own the double brotherhood
 Of him who dies for lack of food—
 How many on the field of life
 Fall crushed and bleeding in the strife ;
 Who, spite some natural thoughts, can bless
 The world that laughs for one the less.—
 O soul ! so variable and weak,
 Couldst *thou* so brave the tempest bleak ?—
 Ill fitted for the stormy trial,
 How self would rise o'er self-denial !

But now, in green and sunny places
 Thou farest among familiar faces,
 Gentle words and kindly greeting
 Ever, as thou wendest, meeting ;
 Nor lacking aught for needful ease,—
 Hast thou no gratitude for these ?
 Ah ! could thy grosser thought behold
 How all thy thousand wants are told—

Did faith this breast of ice inspire,

Like him at Dothan thou wouldst know
What chariots round and steeds of fire

Protect thee from the watchful foe.

Did all thy store of wretchedness

Oppress thee as it should oppress,—

Ah! wouldst thou but the judgment-day

As anxiously as this, survey ;

And thereupon the thought bestow,

Thou givest so well to things below—

If on each course thou chance to wend,

Thou sawest what watchful glances bend,

And knewest this life's uncertainty,

How soon it may be snatched from thee—

Thou wouldst not, sure, so slack thy zeal,

Nor aught of present coldness feel ;

Forth as from drowning lips thy cry,

Would pierce, with utterance quick, the sky ;

And words at will would come unsought,

To shape the prayer, and speak the thought ;

Or the best language of the heart,
Silence and tears, thy needs impart.—

Place in the vanward of all care
The tortured felon's latest prayer ;
The better blessing ask, that fell
On the bowed head of Israel ;
Nor pray that, ere the dews of heaven,
The fatness of the earth be given.*
Ne'er to thy party seek to win
The Son who intercedes for sin,
If thou dost covet aught denied,
Or mask in suppliant guise thy pride ;
Nor ask of God what shame of earth
Would make thee stifle in the birth.

Pray that thy sins may pass from thee,
Though treasured still in memory ;
—For humbled heart and chastened mien
Sort ill with soon-forgotten sin—

* Genesis xxvii. 28, 39.

That all thy vain desires and base
 Transmuted, own GOD's pardoning grace :
 Pray that no frost of sloth may chill
 The duties set thee to fulfil—
 That charity and love increase,
 Till linked with universal peace—

O LORD ! whose glorious voice is heard
 When the great ocean-depths are stirred ;
 Whose voice majestic bursts upon
 The broad black tree of Lebanon,
 And rends its mighty boughs away,
 As lion tears the antlered prey ;
 Whose voice the desert waste appals,
 Yet from its sands full waters calls—
 Bid all my vainer fancies flee,
 And teach, Thyself, the prayer to Thee.

FATHER ! and Lord of heaven's eternal throne,
 Teach me my brotherhood with man to own ;

Make me with heart resigned Thy chastenings feel,
 Reclaim when erring, when sore wounded, heal ;
 Thy name alone through earth be known and bless'd,
 By heathens praised, by infidels confess'd :
 Up to Thyself my wandering fancies lift,
 Sole Source of every good and perfect gift,
 And cleanse each word and act, correct each aim,
 That men in me may glorify Thy name—
 The kingdom of Thy Son be spread abroad,
 Till all confess the saving grace of God ;
 Nor walk as men unmindful of the cross,
 But counting all, the Lord beside, as loss—
 May I and all Thy will revealed obey,
 And keep unquestioning the word and way ;
 May zeal be kindled into holier fire,
 And, for all earthly service soon will tire,
 May we Thy willing angels imitate,
 Speed forth as they, or on Thy bidding wait.—

Bless Thou the labour of our hands, and give
 The needful sustenance whereby we live :

The anxious morrow of our affections loose,
 And of Thy bounties teach the temperate use ;
 That all who own beyond their daily need
 May clothe the naked, and the hungered feed.—

Each hourly trespass with forgiveness blot,
 And aught of old offence remember not ;
 May deep repentance all the past survey,
 Live in our lives, in our petitions pray ;
 And be the wrong to us by other wrought,
 Freely released, nor registered in thought.—
 Haste then, my soul, thy brother's pain to ease,
 Nor count his debts to thee, and trespasses ;
 Or, counted, be they so the more forgiven,
 Placed in the balance with thine own to heaven,
 Lest, as I pray, I like return receive,
 And sin its proper fruit of death conceive.—

LORD, on us still in mercy bend Thy face,
 Though all unworthy of its beams of grace ;

Nor, for our lack of profiting, remove
The gift we forfeit when we cease t' improve ;
Else shall we fail to quench the fiery dart,
Nor stand before the temptings of the heart ;
But still support and succour us, and guide,
By passion lured, by sore temptation tried ;—
Make for us, LORD, a pathway to escape,
Though Satan seize, and hell's vast hollow gape :
And chiefly from our chiefest sin—the thorn
Last from the sad and shrinking convert torn,
O Father, save us, lest the Tempter there
Prevail, and drooping Faith take wing, and Prayer.

THE mighty fish hath gone away,
But not in quest of hunted prey :
It went, unmated and alone,
Far down within the burning zone :
It entered with the rippling waves
Among the silent coral caves,
Where ceaselessly, all day and night,
The small unnoted zoophyte
With labour indestructible
Built its deep-seated citadel ;
Nor paused an hour, nor pauses now,
 Though ages since have rolled,
But raises from the deep below
 Where plummet never told,

A ridge—a reef—a rock—an isle,
 And helpless man looks on the while,
 Till when the wondrous work is done,
 And quickened by the kissing sun ;
 When tufted tree, and pasture green,
 And bubbling brook at length are seen,
 He comes, and claims the fair domain,
 That withering owns his baneful reign.

The mighty fish like shadow came
 Within the coral cave,
 Nor dashed, so silently it swam,
 One spray-drop from the wave :
 But short the space it harboured there—
 It roused the walrus from his lair ;
 Down went the seal before its course,
 The grinning shark forbore its force ;
 It passed the bristling sword-fish near,
 Nor lashed the brine in rage and fear ;
 And onward through the southern gloom,
 What time the sun to Cancer clomb,

It plunged into the night profound,
That wrapped the vast Antarctic round.

Awhile it stops, and round it swarm
All horrid shapes of awful form,
That sicken in the solar ray,
And gasp their life in light away ;
But love to plunge to earth's deep centre,
Where not a beam can ever enter ;
And when o'er either pole, the night
Has closed its curtains to the light,
They troop across the stormy main,
The welcome genial gloom to gain.

And oft, 'tis said, on the midnight deep,
When all save he are rocked to sleep,
The helmsman, as he sways the rudder
Larboard or port, will start and shudder,
When rising from the gulf below,

Some monster meets his glazing eye,
Of vast and sinuous length, that slow,
With lurid look will pass him by

High looming o'er his lonely bark,
Nor lost amid the billows dark ;
But long distinct upon the wave,
That scarce the monstrous shape can heave ;
Nay, seen upon the uncertain line,
Where sea and sky appear to join ;
Till, like some isle the waves submerge,
It sinks below th' horizon's verge—
Then wakes the seaman from his fear,
And breathes to heaven a hurried prayer,
And wipes his sweat-bedabbled brow,
And trims his ship's unsteady prow,
Which, for his grasp the helm had lost,
Wild on the turbulent seas was tossed.

Among that horrid ghastly crew,
That floated thick as leaves that strew
Some forest of primæval oak,
Where never rang the woodman's stroke,
The mighty fish has ta'en his path,
Nor turns, nor heeds their rage and wrath ;

The monster there of smallest span
Had strangled that Leviathan,
But dived he deeper ne'er a rood—
The least of all that slimy brood,
Had crushed his ribbed and vaulted sides,
But the good fish nor flies nor hides.
He bore the burden of the LORD,
And back they shrunk, that crew abhorred—
And calm the Prophet slept within
The tomb of his full-chastened sin,
Even calm as on the mother's breast
The unweaned babe is lulled to rest;
And toward the Northern solitude
The patient fish its way pursued.

Forth from those dreary depths it sped,
Nor yet the word to stay was said,
And onward, onward still it kept,
Nor ever tired, nor ever slept;
And farther than a man may dare,
His ice-encircled dwelling rear;

And farther than the rein-deer goes
 Into the everlasting snows ;
 And farther than the moose's track,
 Is hunted by the wolfish pack,
 As in long column, crescent-wise,
 They drive it o'er the precipice,
 Then down in cautious column wend,
 And th' antlered quivering carcass rend,—
 And farther than the white bear drags
 Its length amid the ice's crags ;
 Farther than raven ever went,
 Dark bird of the far-reaching scent ;
 And farther than the icebergs gleam
 In the broad sun's unsetting beam,
 On went the whale ; he passed the whole,
 And floated o'er the silent Pole.

* * *

Then, from that prison-house of mightiest pain
 A voice arose of sad and solemn strain ;

A voice of supplication and of grief,
Where sin forgiveness sought, and woe, relief ;
Yet not unmingled with high sound of praise,
As him beseemed, o'er whom in other days
The Spirit of God had brooded, who again
Might bear Its burden, cleansed from guilty stain,
And walk with fearless step and faith renewed,
Worthy of those to come, the brotherhood,
Who, spite the upraised sword and threatening eye,
Still penned the roll, and spoke the prophecy ;
Nor for the blandishments of startled pride,
Smoothed the stern word, or aimed the shaft aside.

Trial of gibe and scourge they underwent,
The wasting bond, the slow imprisonment,
By stone and saw and sword they found the death,
And so the martyr sealed the prophet's faith ;
Each change they met, and braved, of sun and sky,
The unsheltered night, the storm's inclemency ;
Wanderers in deserts, and on mountains bare,
They found with savage things and wild, a lair ;

Nor ventured 'mid their fellows, till the hour
When caught away to front th' apostate power.

O house of Judah ! hadst thou found the Lord
Unfaithful to the promise of His word ?
How wert thou blest, when thou aright didst tread,
In city, field and house, in store and bed !
How all thy goings forth and back were kept !
The foe how fearful, though thy watchmen slept !

Was it, ye Severed Ten, for such a grief
Abijah rent the mantle of your chief ?—
Your princes slain, your fenced cities waste,
And Assur's pomp by captive Israel graced,
Attest how soon the blood of prophets spilt
Cried from the ground against a people's guilt ;
And he that now your dwelling would explore,
May traverse all this round terrestrial o'er ;
Nor find, till time outrun the doom divine,
Trace of your name, or of your place a sign.

And thou, Jerusalem ! that slayedst those
 Sent unto thee, why tell thy thousand woes ?
 The trench around thee cast, and towered wall—
 Thy sons the chief to stab thee to the fall—
 And that out-topping blazon to all time,
 The mother's awful festival of crime—
 Hers, who for delicacy and tenderness
 Scarce with her small white foot the ground would
 press—
 Still scourged of heaven, still outcast of man's hate,
 How is thine house now left thee desolate !

“ Bow down thine ear, O Thou that hearest prayer,
 And let my supplication come to Thee ;
 I cry aloud by reason of my despair ;
 And my sad spirit, in its misery,
 Droops for Thine help, and knows not where to
 flee:
 I am as one that to the pit descends,
 Silent and dark, the grave has yawned to me,

And far away my kinsfolk and my friends
Hast Thou removed, and none to my loud plaint
attends.

“ Lord, Thou hast brought me low ; there is no ray
To cheer me in this tomb of the living-dead.
Thy wrath has darkened all my cheerful day,
And Thy deep waves have gone above my head.
Yet count not up my sins, but in their stead,
Be mindful of Thy mercy, and my soul
Bring forth from prison, where with every dread
Thou hast encompassed her, that in lieu of dole
I may rejoice because the broken is made whole.

“ With gall and anguish am I builded round,
Set in dark places, as the dead of old ;
My limbs with bars of proof are firmly bound,
And chains I cannot burst my life enfold.
Woes that the tongue of man has never told,
Thou in Thine awful ire hast on me rained,
Nor yet Thy fierce displeasure waxes cold ;

The chalice of Thy fury have I drained,
Nor from the bitter cup have yet my lips refrained.

“ The everlasting waters compass me,
The voices of the deep around me ring ;
I hear the rustling forests of the sea,
That from th’ unfathomable ocean spring,
And they are wrapped about my head, and cling,
So that I cannot scape their slimy maze,
Nor through earth’s deep-set bars find opening—
Far have I sunk as sinks the mountains’ base,
Nor may I hope again upon their heights to gaze.

“ Yet will I still toward Thy temple turn,
Stedfast though outcast, hopeful though in distress :
I feel, I feel the fire within me burn,
And though my sin and shame be measureless,
Thou wilt not keep Thine anger, but wilt bless
Where Thou hast smitten, nor wilt alway chide,

- But as a Father, scourge with gentleness.

The fury of Thy wrath, ah ! who could bide,
Shouldst Thou Thy countenance of grace for ever
hide ?

“ Gracious art Thou, and merciful, O God,
And my glad soul shall bless Thy holy name :
Thou dost not alway shake the avenging rod,
But lovest rather to blot away our shame,
And heal our soul’s diseased and wretched frame.
Thou deal’st not with us by our iniquity—
High as the heaven, Thy love extends the same,
And far as from the west doth orient lie,
Thou dost remove our sin, nor wouldst that any die.

“ Wilt thou not hear Thy people when they call,
And spread their hands toward Thy holy place ?
Pardon Thou givest to those who weep their fall—
Turn then, O Lord, nor longer hide Thy face.
Thy sole prerogative it is, and grace,

Mercy beyond all offering else to prize ;
 Nor shall my sin such promise high efface.
 Sweeter is prayer than incense in Thine eyes,
 And the uplifted hands than th' evening sacrifice.

“ Because of me do men Thy name blaspheme,
 I heard Thy word, nor hasted to obey.—
 Yet wilt Thou still my forfeit life redeem,
 Yet my transgressions wilt Thou blot away,
 Yet shall I see again the cheerful day.
 Thou wilt not ever leave my soul in hell,
 Nor make the worm my sire : and men shall say,
 ‘ Lo ! this is he on whom God’s anger fell,’
 And none who hear shall cease of such Thy grace to
 tell.

“ Ah me ! that I have quenched Thy blessed Spirit,
 And the indwelling of thy word have lost—
 Such gift of power I may no more inherit,
 Unworthy ever, now unworthy most.
 Yet here I know Thee still, nor th’ idol host

Regard, whereto the blinded nations turn;
 They that in such weak vanities do boast,
 The way that leadeth to salvation spurn,
 But in their hour of pain the breaking staff shall
 mourn.

“ Among the dead is heard no sound of praise—
 They that descend in silence to the pit
 Shall never more the glad hosanna raise.
 But I will pay Thee thanks and worship fit—
 The worship of a heart Thou’st bruised and smit :
 And Thou wilt hear such humble service now—
 “ Call on me in thy trouble,” it is writ,
 “ And I forthwith will answer thee, and thou
 “ Shalt glory give, and pay unto the Highest thy
 vow.”

“ Salvation is of God. Angelic train,
 Swell high your voices to the wondrous song :
 Renew, O nether earth ! the mighty strain—
 Forests, proclaim it in your branches strong ;

Mountains and hills, the echoing sound prolong;
 Till through the universal frame of things
 The lofty diapason rolls along.

He comes, the Lord, to ope the healing springs,
 And to His people lost, grace and salvation brings."

* * * *

Then from the heaven of heavens came forth a word,
 And to the patient monster spake the Lord;
 And the sea yielded up its prey, and earth
 Received the prophet as by second birth.

Whether he trode on Thule's barrier frosts,
 Or touched the peaceful Hyperborean coasts;
 Or from more genial waters saw the shore
 Where Jove's great son, 'twas thought, reposed of yore,
 Calpe and Abyla; or southward far,
 Where madding waters rave in ceaseless war,
 While first the cloud-topped Capes of East and West
 The habitant of other climes confess'd—

Imported naught—alike or far or near
 The spirit of God upheld His pardoned seer ;
 And He who bore His prophet to the skies,
 While meek Elisha watched with anxious eyes,
 Bold in his holy ardour to inherit
 A double portion of his master's spirit :—
 Who, when the work of grace was perfected
 By lustral waters o'er the convert shed,
 When he the Lord confessed of power to save—
 Caught up the preacher from the palm-fringed
 wave,
 And left the Æthiop to his joyful path,
 Perplexed no more, but clear in hope and faith ;—
 He that within the hollow of His hand
 Counts up the waves and measures out the land,
 Can with a word His messengers command,
 Though flame and flood, though earth and hell with-
 stand ;
 The desert smiles, the deep ravine He fills,
 And plane and smooth extend the rugged hills.

And so awhile His purposed mercy waits
 Again t' unfold His servant David's gates :
 Amid the nations though his people now
 Wander, their Sion fallen, their temple low,
 They shall be taken to His fold again ;
 One here, a thousand there, till none remain.
 What though unlooked-for ages roll away ?—
 A thousand years with Him are as a day ;
 And, in His hour, will He the promise write
 Complete, in full broad characters of light.

Yet man, most wretched of His creatures all,
 Since first he tasted sin, and wept his fall,
 Blind dweller in a world of mysteries,
 Whose simplest truth his understanding flies,—
 Man, who exults in gift of thought and speech,
 So oft misused the Giver to impeach—
 Measures by his low bounds the Power Supreme,
 And calls, alas ! His wondrous ways a dream.

He seeks Creation's ocean to explore,
 And gleans some pebble from its fruitful shore ;
 And when the order seen of changeless laws,
 Stamps the great truth of Nature's Great First Cause,
 Man forges for his God presumptuous chains,
 And bids Him bow to what Himself ordains :
 Denies that He who all sustains and guides
 Can turn or stay, and if He would, derides.
 Nay, though for him He stop the wondrous frame,
 And health to man, and mercy, be the aim,
 Incredulous, he still disdains belief,
 Nor owns his pain can need such huge relief;
 Though he the while stumble, perplexed and blind,
 And save in God, no cause for aught can find.

If all that heaven reveals of its high will
 Were dark, mysterious, and inscrutable ;
 Horrid to thought, to comprehension strange,
 Confused and jarring, full of doubt and change ;
 And Nature's page the while were freely spread,
 That none who would should lack the skill to read,—

Then, of a truth, man's unbelieving pride
 Might meet the dread account, nor seek to hide—
 Though they who, conscious of their burden, cry,
 Would weep, not rail—lament, not justify.

But hast thou then, O haughty man, unsealed
 The hidden wisdom of Creation's field ?
 Ranged absolute the universe abroad,
 And made thyself in knowledge as a god ?
 Measured from zenith to the centre low,
 And said, no more remains for man to know ?
 Say, wouldst thou seek the starry host to count,
 And on untiring wing through ether mount
 To distant worlds that never crossed thy dream,
 Though past belief and thought thy fancy teem ?
 Though for unnumbered ages thou ascend,
 Thou ne'er shalt find Creation's bound and end ;
 Earth soon would fade, and vanish at that height ;
 The faintest star above be lost to sight ;
 Suns, whose far beams enlighten other skies,
 Would blaze and wane, and others yet arise :

And still Immensity would stretch afar,
 Peopled with systems huge of sun and star.

Or turn to earth, and, if thou canst, unfold
 How first the world in circling orbit roll'd :
 What checks the tempest in its headlong force,
 What rules the waves, and regulates their course :
 Whence came the balance of the teeming life,
 Through Liquid, Solid, Subtle, strangely rife :
 Balance so nice, the weakest living thing
 That hums across thee on transparent wing,
 If, with its kind, (and myriads though they be,
 They measure not with life's variety,)—
 Pushed from the scale, Creation's self 't would jar,
 And this fair order into discord mar.

How grow the metals in the womb of earth ?
 Whence gains the shining ore its envied birth ?
 Ah ! couldst thou grasp the alchemy of gold,
 All knowledge else how wouldst thou worthless hold !

There, doubter, wouldst thou stay thee in thy quest,
Nor seek of aught beside to stand possess'd.

Knowest thou the balance of the clouds, whereby
Drought and full rain are measured from the sky ?
Hast gone within the treasure of the snow ?
The secret of the blessed light dost know ?—
These mock the study of thy bounded mind ;
Or if some nearer cause than chance to find,
Far from thy ken the subtler links recede,
And knowledge won is ignorance indeed.

But chief thyself, O man ! survey, and tell,
Hast thou not found thy being unsearchable ?
What was the secret of thy birth ? whence came
The wondrous texture of that goodly frame ?
What the volition that, without command,
Gleams in the eye, and guides th' unconscious hand ?
And those far inner depths where Conscience sits,
Or Apprehension works, or Memory flits,

Haunts nebulous and solemn, are they thine ?
 Canst bid at will the light upon them shine ?

Creature of baffled instincts !—ever cross'd !
 Strayed in that little world, thyself, and lost—
 Most wretched in the reach afforded thee,
 Save as thou learn the more abashed to be ;
 Thou canst not speak of aught of sense or sight,
 Yet must thou reason of the Infinite.
 Thou canst not trace the cause, or touch the springs
 Of this fair harmony and frame of things,
 Yet dost thou gird thyself to answer heaven,
 Making thine unbelief and utterance even ;
 And with a dull “ impossibility,”
 Eyes to the blind, the mute a tongue deny ;
 Though for the healing of thy heart alone,
 Hard even so, the manifest work be done ;
 Until the canker worm, unmarked at first,
 From that corruption born, be through thee nurst ;
 And thou dost close the porches of thy soul,
 And ‘ craft’ delight to call the old controul ;

The search that speaks the honest heart, dost leave,
And find'st it good for thee to disbelieve.

Lord ! when the burden of mortality,
With its deep weight and constant, presseth me ;
When all within, around, till touched by faith,
Speaks of the silent worm, the solemn death ;
When to my trembling heart Thy gifts I press,
The sole best wealth Thou givest me to possess,
And scan their lineaments with anxious eye,
And in their very bloom find cause to sigh ;—
Shall I add blackness to this weight of gloom,
And think the earth I tread indeed my tomb ?
Think that Thou art not, or pretend the doubt,
When girded by such proof, and hedged about ?—
Or think Thee one, Thy being in vain denied,
To throw Thy cunning'st handywork aside—
Spite all its high immortal longings, left
To die, of future hope, as present, reft ?

Unhappy they to whom 'twas never given
 To make this earth the pilgrim path to heaven.
 Who, for the sin of their self-blinded sires,
 Know not the faith that up to Thee aspires ;
 But wretched most, who fix the aspect cold,
 On the rich promise and reward untold ;
 Who hear, O patient and enduring Lord !
 And mock, the mercies of Thy slighted word :
 And see, but to affront, the solemn strife,
 "Twixt wrath that asks, and love that pleads for life.

I do not think I owe to chance my birth—
 I do not think Thou mad'st me all for earth—
 I do not think me worthy of Thy height—
 Darkness and mists are round me ; but a light
 Has come upon my soul ; and by its ray
 I bend before the Life, and Truth, and Way.



“ BEL BOWETH DOWN, NEBO STOOPETH.”

WEEP for thy woe, O Nineveh !

If yet repent thou mayest,

The rod of doom hangs over thee—

And wherefore then delayest ?

Pray that before the Judge of heaven

Thy sin forgot be sin forgiven ;

For nought of all its swelling sum

Shall scape the search so soon to come ;

Nor think that He within whose hands

The balance of Creation stands ;

Has ceased one guilty deed to scan,

Since first thy long career began.

Thy flush of youth, thy wanton prime

Were stained with blood, and smirched with crime ;

Queen then of earth, thou didst defy
 The majesty of the Most High;
 The noblest gifts He gave, defamed,
 And scourged the earth thou should'st have tamed,
 Exalted idols to His throne,
 And made Him peers of wood and stone.

The seal of ages stamps thee still,
 Reckless as then in lust of ill;
 Thy name a byword and reproach,
 Too black for envy's self to touch;
 And all the vices of thy spring
 Blown beyond deep'st imagining,
 Till thou art tainted to the core,
 A lazar-house of pest and sore.

City of plagues, and wilt thou think,
 Because thine early vices shrink
 From thy full careless memory,
 That they shall 'scape the all-seeing Eye?

Yea, they will slumber long and low,
Voiceless as is thy conscience now ;
Nor from their lurking place will troop,
Till chastisement upon thee swoop,
And the full measure, heaped and press'd,
Be back returned within thy breast.

Then, with shape hideous and uncouth,
The deeds forgot of early youth
Will start into tremendous life,
To meet thee in thy latest strife,
And drag thee downward with a hand,
Thou wouldst in vain, proud Queen, withstand.

How oft with men this truth has pleaded,
Truth plain to thought, yet still unheeded—
The stream that flows from bitter source
Is still the same, though in its course
O'er some clear pebbly bed it flow,
And give to view the depth below ;

Nor, till the fountain-head be healed,
 Shall verdure clothe the barren field.
 So fares it with the sated soul,
 That ere it reach the ocean-goal,
 Some unrepented sin forsakes,
 And now a clearer channel takes,
 Some seemliness of surface wearing,
 But for no deeper goodness caring.

The current of deciduous years,
 The wreck of hopes, the thrall of fears,
 The wary thought, the sobered blood,
 That brings upon its thickening flood
 The maxims of the ungenial school,
 Where cold proprieties bear rule :—
 These teach us how our lives to fashion,
 Subservient to no grosser passion :—
 The rein upon the tongue is laid,
 Lest the soft silky world upbraid :
 But not because the sorrowing breast
 Throbs, by remembered sin oppress'd—

To draw above the past a veil
 Costs less than tears and vigils pale ;
 And few, how few, the stream remount,
 To cleanse the deadly-bitter fount.

From the full heart Repentance wrings
 A longing after holier things—
 The innocent dreams for others' weal ;
 The charities we feign, not feel ;
 The love of truth no longer known ;
 The fear of heaven we once could own—
 Upon the hand the bowed head falls,
 And conscience, judge and witness, calls
 The forms of past delinquencies—
 Things in the doing nothing thought,
 Though now to shape terrific wrought,
 And struggling tears are forced, and sighs,—
 And grace for better life is sought.—

But where, amid the eager throng
 That pant the course of life along—

Where, in its ever-onward race
 Shall humble penitence have place ?

It is not such, with sin to treat,
 Eschewing this, the next to greet ;
 To pride thyself on outward show,
 When the world's cares thy brow have furrowed
 With wrinkles from its treacheries borrowed ;
 Nor feel remorse, except it know
 Some stain of other days upon thee,
 And dread lest so it shame and shun thee.

Not thus the way-worn Prodigal
 Hasted before his sire to fall,
 And spoke his anguish and his shame
 In words no thought of man could frame.

Not so the hated Publican,
 Outcast of his proud fellow-man,
 All heedless, who should see or scorn,
 Smote on his bosom, wretch forlorn.

Not so repented She, whose deed
 Is told where'er the gospel speed ;
 Who cast herself upon the earth,
 And poured the precious spikenard forth ;
 Nor gave to scorn or murmur heed ;
 But washed the feet so soon to bleed
 With tears from bitterest sorrow wrung,
 And dried them with her hair—
 Tears that had helped her siren tongue
 To feign a bought despair—
 Tresses, whose long and shining bands
 Had floated oft o'er lovers' hands ;
 Enmeshing hearts retained an hour,
 Whose numbers spake her wanton power—
 Methinks, like shame my cheek should burn,
 So might I such repentance learn.

Humble thee then, O Nineveh,
 If yet thou mayest the judgment flee,
 But all too late, if wakened now,
 Thy lofty looks, proud Queen, would bow,

And He that spared so long in vain,
 Now speaks, nor speaks to spare again.
 No gospel of repentance thine,
 For thee is poured no grace divine.
 Too long, too long thou'st spurned His yoke,
 So bend thee for a sterner stroke ;
 The word must needs abide unchanged,
 And thou, if now from sin estranged,
 Must own thy guilt too late discerned,
 Too long the proffered mercy spurned.
 Shall God for thee His truth disclaim,
 That idle tongues should scoff His name ?
 Shall He His hate to sin declare,
 And straight deny the thing He sware ?
 How may the Sovereign Honour brook
 To bear such self-imposed rebuke,
 And give to hell and all its host
 Matter for blasphemy and boast ?

So must thou fall ; but now bemoan thee,
 Lest else a deeper woe be on thee :—

When from thy hundred gates outpoured,
 Thy marshall'd armies drew the sword
 Naught dreaded they the foeman's blade,
 Through many a phalanx deep displayed.
 That steel they knew the life could wrest,
 Nor farther skill to harm possess'd,
 Nor recked they in the battle's strife,
 Conquest assured, of death or life—

But there is One whose sword of power
 Kills soul and sense in self-same hour,—
 That One, behold, now takes the field,
 He knaps thy bow, and breaks thy shield ;
 Onward with dreadful step He treads,
 His step the trump of doom precedes—
 Thou mayest not stem nor stay His path—
 Thou mayest not turn aside His wrath—
 Thou mayest escape the deeper sting,
 And good from bitter judgment wring ;
 Confess the sin deserved the doom,
 And baffle it beyond the tomb.

How dies the sinner unaneled,
 Whose death, alas ! is doubly sealed ?
 What guilty thoughts appal his soul,
 While still his stiffening eyeballs roll !
 Whate'er the scene his soul surveys—
 The memory of forgotten days—
 The present with its sunless gloom—
 The portals of the awful tomb—
 Where'er he turn, no hope is found,
 And deeper seems the night around.

What boots the labour of past years,
 The agony of life's hopes and fears ?—
 Though fame and wealth strove each with each,
 To bear him high from envy's reach ;
 'Twas but the tide in all its strength,
 That wrecked him on the rocks at length.
 Ah, hapless ! how his feeble hand
 Would waft away the direful band
 Of long-forgotten sins that now

Thick trooping round his pillow stand,
 And point the path to woe.
 What do they here, forgotten long ?
 Shall merit never cancel wrong ?

Alas ! the heart thou fain wouldst proffer,
 (But conscience checks the impious offer)
 To outward show indeed was fair,
 But earth, not heaven, was worshipped there ;
 The rust below no cleansing knew,
 All undisturbed the canker grew ;
 Without, the sepulchre was sheen,
 And of uncleanness full within.

Ah no ! the loud-accusing spirit
 O'erwhelms the plea of fancied merit.
 Scattered he sees on memory's tide,
 The wreck of talents misapplied :
 The rocks on which he madly steered,
 And only the true haven feared—

And still before him gleams the glass,
 O'er which the Phantom figures pass,
 'Neath the torn mask revealing now
 The full deformity below.

The years that stretched away, away,
 With their full promise, where are they ?
 Too full for God, for earth too few,
 How swift—how lightning-like, they flew—
 And now, O thought of woe ! he dies,
 Crushed 'neath his past iniquities ;
 Oppressed by all the toils he gave
 To earth, whose bond he lived, and slave ;
 To that cold careless world, for which
 He flung away the treasure rich ;
 To which the full long life was given,
 The tithe, perhaps, whereof had gained him heaven.

O Thou, Creator, Lord and Guide !
 Still o'er my feeble steps preside :
 Grant that upon life's shifting stage,
 The final scene my thoughts engage,

And my chief toil be spent, and care,
 That for its close I best prepare.
 So, whether pale and harassing want,
 With constant tread my footsteps haunt ;
 Or if my plenteous cup Thou fill,
 And feed me, undeserving, still—
 Unmoved alike in either state,
 Nor weakly anxious, nor elate,
 The hour that all are born to see
 May find me not unworthy Thee :
 Not delving in my kindred clay
 For treasures that shall pass away ;
 Nor doomed to hear in voice of ire,
 "THIS NIGHT THY SOUL WILL I REQUIRE !"

And when the passage to the tomb
 Is shaded by its circling gloom,
 One farewell glance behind me casting
 Upon the world whence I am hasting,
 Glance not of vain and weak lament
 For hours in mis-named pleasure spent—

But in a glad and grateful mood,
 To trace the path with mercies strewed ;
 Where, ever, by Thy gracious care,
 My heedless steps protected were—
 That path surveyed, so would I turn,
 And for the promised freedom yearn.

But never on my fated head,
 So may my sins be visited,
 As that I perish unforewarned,
 Even in the hour Thy grace was scorned.

O fearful prospect of decay !
 That to the wisest-balanced mind
 Dost, even when gentlest, cause dismay,
 With something of a gladder kind,
 The hope of immortality—
 The ardent thirst for knowledge high—
 How picture thee, nor dread the thought,
 Clouded and closed by doom forewrought,

When hope feels surest of the morrow,
 And deepest for the dead we sorrow—
 Yet better far to deem it so,
 And ever dread the sudden woe,
 That haply from the fear to die
 Safety may spring ; and rather I
 Living, would picture such my meed,
 Than dying, find it so indeed.

I search the circle of my mind
 For instances to die, nor find
 In story and old record aught
 To meet the measure of my thought,
 Like his, who strong of heart and limb,
 Of eye that yet had waxed not dim,
 The steep ascent of Pisgah made,
 And thence the landscape round surveyed.
 How traced he through the mist of years,
 The land of bondage and of tears :
 Its awful signs, and judgments dread,
 Its hosts o'erthrown, its monarch dead—

Then onward saw the guiding hand
 That smoothed for him the trackless sand,
 And still his fainting spirit stayed,
 When murmuring tongues his word gainsayed.
 The healing of the bitter waters—
 The hour when Amalek withstood,
 And Israel's sword first tasted blood,
 While, herald of a greater fight,
 The living Cross then crowned the height—
 The vanquished wiles of Midian's daughters—
 The thunders of the holy mount—
 The sin that stirred Jehovah's wrath—
 The mournful strife of Hazzeroth—
 And that mysterious gushing fount,
 Where he, so meek, had murmured too,
 Whence now his latest breath he drew—
 In all, the care of God was blessed ;
 His guiding providence confessed.—

And so he turned, nor on the past
 One memory mused, one thought was cast :

The glory of the latest sun,
 That he should know on earth, save one,*
 Was upon all that stretched away,
 Far as his far keen glance could stray ;
 And bending forward from the brow
 Of that high mount, he gazed below,
 Coursing the landscape o'er, with ken
 Beyond all mortal vision then.

Through Gilead, over Jabbok's brook,
 To Laish north, he bent his look ;
 And knew the cities of the plain ;
 Heshbon, seat once of Sihon's reign :
 Jazer, and Rabbah, and the place
 Of Og, last of Rephaim race—
 The Threefold wide inheritance
 Again he measured in quick glance ;
 Fair uplands, from whose crown descended
 Full-plenished streams ; and pleasing-blended

* The day of Transfiguration.

Pasture and tilth ; and tracts brown-wooded,
With moated cities frequent studded.

Then, on more earnest thought intent,
Westward from Dan his eye he bent.
It was the Land he ne'er should tread :—
Lingering he looked on Jordan's head ;
Viewed Azor round, and Merom's water,
As prescient of the coming slaughter—
Kedesh of refuge, and the abode,
Nazareth, of the incarnate God.
And as the south his eye surveyed,
Was not his far-seeing spirit stayed
Upon the mount of Glory, where
The Law and Prophecy should bear
Witness of each, annulled or proved,
Before the Son of God beloved ?

And many a well-remembered name
Now first to his full knowledge came ;

Freely his eye, and face to face,
 The instincts of his pen could trace.
 Ebal, his altar site, and ground
 Of the spoken curse ; Gerizim, crowned
 Long after, by the schismatical shrine :
 Shechem, red tomb of Hamor's line,
 (Sychar of Jewish sneer, but now
 So, worthier called, since by the well
 That bore the name of Israel,
 Christ sate to cool his fevered brow ;)
 The plain of Moreh, and hoar oak,
 Where God in Canaan first the Patriarch spoke.

To Gilgal thence, where Egypt's stain
 Was rolled away, and o'er the plain
 Of the fair City of Palms, he passed :—
 Gibeon the crafty saw ; and Luz
 (Bethel the dreadful place, and house
 Of God ;) the course of Eshcol traced—

Eshcol, the place of vines—that came
From Bethlehem Ephrath, honoured name.

Then onward to the Great-Sea brine
He marked the region Philistine—
Of just Abimelech the place
Gerar ; friend once to Terah's race ;
Gath, Ashdod, Gaza, wherein now,
Escaped from Israel's sword and bow,
Fierce Anak's remnant stirred alarms,
And woke the warlike lords to arms.

Thence quickly glancing, measured he
The spring and grove of Bersabe—
The terminal southern point was seen ;
And all, from distant Dan between,
Was his—was his—the Promised Land,
South, North, and either side, was scanned ;
And though so meek and humble, he
Of mortal temper scarce could be,

If through his now decaying frame
No thrill of lofty triumph came.
But soon, if so, I ween were given
The triumph and the praise to heaven ;
The ordered tents of Israel bless'd ;
And then he found the Better Rest.

HE that a weary day has toiled
'Mid Alpine heights and mountains piled,
Exploring swift the deepening gloom,
And pondering many a traveller's doom :
Despite of haste that stumbles still,
And fears ingenious of all ill,
Has oft forgot his care I ween,
Delighted with the shifting scene,
While vermeil-tinted, glow the clouds,
Or the stray mist the landscape shrouds ;
And, by the Cross that marks below
Some lone wretch buried deep in snow,
Has stood, while driving rack has spread
Its curtain round some mountain's head,

So swift, he might a moment deem
That towering peak his fancy's dream.
Till when from deep remote ravine
Some breeze has raised the filmy screen,
Again the solitary height
Cuts the far clouds above his sight ;
Fit emblem of the will of heaven,
And man the rack across it driven.
Yes, let him gainsay as he wills,
The everlasting-rooted hills
Are weaker, less assured of place,
Before the scud that clouds their face,
Than what in God's decree is writ,
Though man may doubt and question it.

And so the Prophet found ; awhile
Perchance, he deemed he should beguile
The Eternal of His high decree,
And change the woe of Nineveh.

But when toward the mount he gazed,
 Still bright the unchanging purpose blazed,
 Bright as the doom of Babylon
 The massive marble wall upon.
 Nor lacked he word of power to tell
 That doom unchanged, unchangeable—
 Unchangeable save to the cry
 That never vainly seeks the sky ;
 The cry, as knew the conscious seer,
 That saves the penitent sincere.

No longer was the prophet slow,
 But rose unquestioning to go :
 Full soon he girt his mantle round,
 His sandals to his feet he bound ;
 To the great City turned his look,
 And onward straight his path he took,
 O'er steppes where roamed the bison-herd,
 O'er scorched tracts all shorn of sward,

Across the toiling caravan,
 Upon a track untaught of man ;
 Through ruined cities, by the hate
 Of Nineveh, made desolate,
 That Nineveh, its state that built
 On many a deed of reddest guilt.

Be witness, Gozan's crimsoned tide,
 Ar, and Kirhareth, Moab's pride,
 Now sacked and blackened ; Charran down,
 Too well in Roman annals known ;
 Arphad, redemption named in vain ;

Calneh and Ivah ; Hamath the Great,
 Siphara, Hena ; nor remain
 Rezeph, or they in Telassar late.

Needed not he, where'er he went,
 O'er mountain rough, or rich champain,
 O'er peopled tract, or sandy plain,
 Question or word his path to point.

Nor steadier to the stedfast pole
 The needle's all-mysterious soul,
 Than he, the prophet to his goal.
 Strait swoops the vulture through the skies,
 When to his snuffing nostrils rise
 The steams that like hell's vapour sway

Above the battle plain ;

When they who may outlive the day
 Have marched upon their silent way,

Nor stayed t'inhume the slain—

Nor less direct the prophet's haste
 O'er fertile, high, or waste,
 Till the broad Tigris meets his gaze,
 As on a mount his step he stays ;
 And many a league on either hand
 Marks the great City's circling band,
 So broad, a man may haste at speed
 Like one hard pressed by sorest need,
 And with the third declining sun,
 Scarce see his toilsome circuit done.

Keen, over tower and battlement
The Prophet's searching vision went,
And saw, such power that time it gained,
Whate'er within most loathsome reigned.
Sewer of Earth, that thitherward
Its garbage and black filth had poured—
All crime that elsewhere shuns the day
There festering in its fulness lay.
He looked and loathed, nor longer feared
Such sinful city could be cleared.

Then down he sped—O Nineveh,
What art thou now ? He paused not, he,
To smooth his garb, his brow to lave,
Nor time to fashion judgment gave ;
That very hour the word was given,
Down, lightning-like, it fell from heaven ;
And strait the Seer prepared to pass
Within the towering Gate of Brass.

A hundred hammers on each bar
 Had wrought the trophied forms of war ;
 Axes above, and spears of might
 Gleamed clustering o'er the Gate's proud height ;
 And oft, from every weapon-head
 Frowned the tanned faces of the dead.

A spear athwart the portal glances,
 And the stern sentinel advances—
 " Stranger, if right thy brow I read,
 " Thy tidings argue hottest speed ;
 " Yet ere thou pass, behoves thee say,
 " Wherefore, and whence, thou comest to-day ?"
 A moment through each chilling vein
 Shot the sharp agony of pain—
 What, all ?—shall none escape to die ?
 An instant to the stedfast sky
 The seer has looked with sorrowing eye,
 Then rang the wild tremendous cry,
 " YET FORTY DAYS

" AND NINEVEH THE LORD SHALL RAZE."

With form dilate beyond earth's stature,
And inspiration in each feature,
And hands above his head upraised,
And forward step, the Prophet blazed.

Sunk the soldier to the ground,
And every armed figure round
Fell backward as in deadly swound,
And on the Herald strode.

The Gate is passed, the City won,
Ride on, O King of kings, ride on,
What need of helm and habergeon.

When Thou dost point the road ?
All hosts, though strong of heart and sword,
Melt as a vapour at Thy word :—
So it was when the Philistine
Sunk before the stroke of twain ;
When as the sand for multitude
Their troops in Micmash passage stood.

So was it, when for David's name
 Thou compassedst Jerusalem,
 What time before her leagured wall
 The proud Assyrian planned her fall.
 Forth went Thine angel to the fight,
 And smote them ere the morning light :
 Smote them sleeping on the ground,
 And as the sword, unseen the wound.

On passed the Seer ; his word of fear
 Smote, and sunk in every ear,
 Ever, as he onward passed,
 All that hearkened, shrunk aghast :

Nor word beside was said,
 Save the one cry—" Yet forty days,
 " And Nineveh the Lord shall raze."
 And all who listen start and sicken
 As by sudden plague-touch stricken.

All trembled but the dead,
 Save haply where dark treason sate,
 Devising schemes of daring hate,

And deeming in that awful sound
That aid from heaven itself was found ;
Molewise, that to its proper bane,
Will delve beneath the falling fane !

Idle it were to say perchance
How sunk the song, how ceased the dance
That ushered there the eve's advance ;
Choking whisper, silent feet,
Well the boding judgment greet.
Yet are there moods of frenzied pleasure,
Moods that know nor stay nor measure,
When, save the final trumpet-din,
That shall the dead to being win,
Ye might believe no spell e'er wrought
Could chill such votaries back to thought.

But such a spell was on them now ;
And many a man of haughty brow
Fell smitten to the earth full low ;

And maidens, beautiful as light
 To one restored to blessed sight,
 Knelt, as in unavailing prayer,
 With ashy lips and floating hair,

Then fell like corpses prone :
 Ah, woe ! that forms of beauty's mould,
 Enchanting all, should lie as cold
 As monumental stone.

It was as though in festive hall,
 While mirth and music gladden all,
 And bending whisperers stray apart,
 Nought hearing but one beating heart,
 Some wretch escaped from lazar vile,
 Should pierce the careless menial file,
 Fresh torn from Death's scarce-baffled clasp,
 And, staggering from that vulture-grasp,
 Should glare the awe-struck presence round
 With lips apart, though void of sound ;
 And eye, that, rayless though it roll,
 Freezes the white beholder's soul.

Nor they alone—the restless moan
Of pain became a deeper groan.
How oft the gasping wretch had prayed
The death he thought too long delayed ;
How, as he gazed with eyeball dim
Upon each racked, distorted limb,
The hope of old unheeded strength
Had ceased to battle on at length—
Even him the words of doom appalled,
And vainly he for mercy called ;
Started, and grasped at vacancy,
And in that agony would die.

Still the path the Prophet trod,
On he bore the sword of God ;
A cloud that through the still blue sky
Had floated onward heavily,
Now settled o'er a stately pile,
The task of years and giant toil.
The shadow of the silent gloom
Is spread from base to lofty dome,

And stays with strange expectant fears
 The white-stoled hurrying worshippers ;
 Till as the Seer strode on,
 Full o'er the pile the lightning flashed,
 And sharp the rattling thunder crashed :—
 The cloud is spent and gone ;
 And where but now the Idol king
 Sate fixed, a strange and shapeless thing,
 The work of lewd imagining,
 All empty stands the throne ;
 Down-stricken by the levin brand
 Falls, reft alike of head and hand,
 The blackened Idol prone.

Scattered and pale, yet dark and stern,
 Away the black-stoled priesthood turn ;
 Nor marvel if that dreadful day
 Refused to bend their proud array—
 With dissonant voice no more they pray,
 Clash not the gongs, no trumpets bray—

The pool around the altar dries,
 Whereon, in horrid sacrifice,
 The human victim ever bled,
 And their foul rites and awful, fed.

Yet none the more each gloomy breast
 Bowed to the judgment manifest :
 The sign they could not choose but own,
 In blackened shrine and Idol down ;
 But truth to them was but a name,
 And priestly craft and power their aim.
 To this each subtle scheme aspired,
 Nor danger stayed, nor hindrance tired.
 To compass these, no cost was dear,
 Vigil, and fast, and life austere.
 No careless word or sinister look,
 Their fabric of ambition shook.

For this each link of life they burst,
 But spared its hate, its venom nursed ;

Smiled ruthless, when the heart-strings fine
Snapped 'neath their hellish discipline,
Yet loved from every gentler breast
To draw their tempered weapons best,
Sure that in such, when fitly trained,
And nought of honest heart remained,
The soft smooth tongue and cozening smile,
Where sternness failed, would still beguile.

Ay, this the triumph of their art—
They sapped the strongholds of the heart ;
Taught that old filial reverence
Was but a bond of light pretence ;
And frowned upon the tie that binds,
With conjugal love, congenial minds ;
Lest lingering pity should impede
The bold design, the bolder deed ;
Or in some hour of woman's sway,
The heart their purposes betray.

Mistrust they dealt and doubt around,
 And safety from suspicion found ;
 Marked with an instinct all their own,
 Where the first seeds of thought were sown,
 And crushed them with unsparing tread,
 And sacred life in rivers shed.
 Fools ! who themselves their fetters broke ;—
 For men to all their fears awoke,
 And augury resistless drew
 From brand and dungeon, bar and screw.

Full leisurely they wrought ; their hate
 Was calm, and for the hour could wait :
 The coarse revenge, whose haste to slay
 Makes midnight murder clear as day,
 Ne'er stained their white and woman's hand ;
 And often, when the deed was planned—
 Deed hated for itself, but braved
 To gain the absolute rule they craved,—
 When secrecy and safety vied
 To tempt the stroke, they could abide,

And tarry till the web was spun
That should ensnare some second one,
Though them and their far hate between
Th' expanse of earth might intervene.
And what alone in fevered dream
A possibility can seem—
As through a former world and vast,
When back to primal chaos cast,
With patience unappalled, t' explore,
Nor the great, desperate search give o'er,
Until (naught similar else) appear
The twin sole genial atoms there—

So they, that priesthood dark, could dare
To look the world across, and find
Amid the chaos of man's mind
The fellow to the foe they feared,
Nor ceased to toil till such was snared ;
And him, when their forecasting hate
Had found, they speedily could mate,

But not in friendship, with the first ;
 And by their arts, by means accurst,
 Tainting the trustful thoughts that grow
 Fastest in noblest minds—a foe
 Each found in each, though side by side
 They else had fallen :—and so they died.

Say not, they kept no faith with those
 Whom truth or fear had made their foes :
 They promised, nor the pledge was broken,
 Though no attesting oath was spoken :
 Yea, bound them to a bondman's toil,
 And stretched performance, till their coil
 Had choked suspicion, till they lulled
 The vigilant eye,—the doubt annulled.
 Then would they swear. And if obeyed
 The promise even unwisely made,
 How shall the solemn covenant,
 The attesting oath, fulfilment scant ?
 Yea, by the Symbols of their Creed,

And by the God to whom they kneeled,
And by the Books to others sealed,

So would they swear ; nor further heed
Give to the oath, beyond an eye
That scanned the future cautiously ;
Disguises, maskings of the breach
Inventing ; and new modes of speech
Oracular, that gave pretence
For perjured vow, distorted sense ;
Until they cast all care of fame,
And drew a charter for their shame ;
Reserved a meaning, and denied
Performance to the word was tied,
If the false bond no thought disclaimed
Of purpose other than it named.

All means were sanctified ; they wrought
But to their aim, nor ever thought
Misgiving, of the unholy ways
That, followed even for ends of praise,

Would to the more unpractised breast
Remorse in afterthought suggest.

But if thou say that aim sublime
So dared for th' human weal to climb ;
And though through devious ways attained,
As loftiest ends ere now were gained—
Then, then at least, the slough was cast,
When the hard perilous way was past—
—Learn thou, who pleadest so, that none
So plead, but to some end have won
By similar means unholy. Ne'er
Has virtue breathed the charnel air,
Gendered in paths impure ; and chief
 (Could it be so that men may school
 Their conscience to a laxer rule,
If in the things that teach belief
They minister not)—they who are called
To guard, instruct, and guide the fold,
Should sedulous scan the means they use,
And ends so gained, though great, refuse.

But aspirations such, that leap
 All interval, and from a deep
 And fervent love of man intend
 Only his weal, nor ever blend
 Their course with selfish purposes,—
 Such aspirations owned not these,
 Unless thou say that One may be
 Sole guardian of humanity ;
 Who, from his great and genial heart,
 All lavish treasures would impart
 To the wide earth, nor stint the measure,
 While ministrants such as these had pleasure
 In garnering for his single hand
 All stores that zeal and power command.

But such could never be that One ;
 And though he might, nor once alone,
 Wear meekly his high diadem,
 Outshining each material gem—
 Too oft did kindred spirits wield

The power such hands had help to build,
 And they to him devoted all :—
 Honor ;—but that to them was small—
 Kindred and wealth ; for him they bound
 The sanguine cord their forms around.

Yet he, the mighty Priest, to whom
 Monarchs did service low, whose doom
 Could topple thrones, and spread a waste
 O'er scenes that Eden's self had graced—
 He by whose breath they first became,
 Those daring priests, a banded name ;
 He trembled, when upon his view
 More deeply black their shadow grew,
 And o'er his throne a mantle spread,
 That chilled his veins, and wrapped his head ;—
 And knew too late, when, by them stricken,
 He seemed to careless eyes to sicken
 As they who die in heaven's own hour,
 That all, who in the lust of power,

Search the dark armoury of hell,
 Shall find the blade that served them well
 Grow to such temper keen and fierce,
 As shall themselves the surest pierce ;
 And they shall perish by that sword,
 Of God and of the good abhorred.

They feigned their thoughts and communings,
 Were ever of supernal things,
 Yet of all sway the substance seized,
 And power of all but pageant eased ;
 Ruled state and monarch with a rod,
 And as they would, made speak their God.
 They read the stars, and in that lore
 Eclipse and planet could explore ;
 Then juggled with their skill, to bend
 The necks of nations to their end.

So seeming-earnest, they the while
 At that false creed of theirs could smile ;

Yet doubt not, had the Eternal mind
 To them its oracles consigned,
 The holy precepts they had wrought,
 As best should serve their own bad thought,
 And, to their esoteric school,
 Had glossed the truth with many a rule.

And must they from their height descend
 As humble suitors now, and bend ?
 And kneel the fellows of the herd
 That late obeyed their every word ?—
 No, better perish Nineveh,
 Than thus their fall and shame it see.

They went, with looks of hate and fear,
 And had they dared, had slain the seer.—
 But down the steep, with hasty tread,
 That from the Idol presence led,
 Haggard and pale, the votive crowd
 That late before its altar bowed,

Headlong like fluttered herons fly
When stoops the falcon from the sky,
And with loud burst of passionate grief
Confessed themselves of sinners chief.

And so with error fares it still,—
Let but but the dews of truth distil
Upon the soil all scathed with blight,
And men will know and own the light,
The humblest, the sincerest, chief,—
Who, stumbling in their dim belief,
Lamented so the more, the sin,
And sought the dying faith to win
From lowly thoughts and tears, nor felt
Before such foes such faith would melt.
While the cold guardians of false creed
Will listen not, though angels plead,
Nor deem enough to turn away,
But snatch the brand in zeal to slay,
As though the menace and the sword
Should sway the purpose of the Lord.

The sun has sought his ocean bed,
 The twilight brief of eve is fled,
 Nor tarried yet the Seer ;
 Since the far morning had he wended,
 Nor water to his lips commended ;
 And still the word of fear
 He spoke aloud, " Yet forty days,
 " And Nineveh the Lord shall raze."

Ever, as he passed along,
 Sounded strains of mirth and song.
 From peristyle and portico,
 Long ranges of bright radiance glow ;
 'Twas the hour—the dangerous hour,
 When the heart asserts its power,
 (Wayward heart, how seldom fixed,
 This hour in love, in hate the next,)
 When the breast new throbbing feels,
 And the eye all sidelong steals,
 Throws the cold pretence aside,
 And bids a rash farewell to pride.

Drooping eyelid—throbbing breast—
 Ah ! be the dangerous charm repress'd—
 Dangerous ever, fatal now—
 Hark that distant sound and low—
 Low at first, but swelling high—
 Swelling into death's own cry.
 Gaze abroad, ye festive throng,
 Lo, who comes so slow along ?
 Though the vistas of full light
 Stretch before him beyond sight,
 Thickest darkness as a pall
 Spreads behind him, covering all ;
 Sound behind sad voices many,
 His the voice most sad of any :
 Hark ! he speaks, what is't he says ?—
 All shall hear—" Yet forty days,
 " And Nineveh the Lord shall raze."
 How, is not the dance resumed ?—
 He has passed, and ye are doomed.

Once again the word is said,
 Word that might awake the dead.
 Jocund is the banqueting
 In the palace of the King,
 Ever, through the stately halls
 Mirth to jest and revel calls,
 Cares of state are cast away,
 None is there to care a prey :
 Chaplets crown each careless guest :—
 Who shall chide the monarch's feast ?
 Louder sounds the courtly revel,
 Jests increase, and dalliance evil.

Naught of grave around I ween,
 Save the sculptured marble seen ;
 Whiter forms and warmer lips
 Far the marble cold eclipse.
 Fair the ladies seated there,
 Very fair, and only fair,
 And their eyes are roving aye,
 Wantonly as woman's may.—

Forms uncouth I fain would see,
 Such would better fancy me—
 Pards that tear with beak and claw,
 Hippogryph with lion's maw,—
 Than that fair and noble kind,
 For chaste tenderness designed,
 Panders to man's darker hour
 Willing toys to wanton power.

Could ye hear the words they speak,
 Pale I ween would grow your cheek :
 Courtly words in polished flow
 Glance around, and to and fro,
 Like a rapier bright and sharp ;—
 Coarser speech the edge would warp.
 Rarely, save in double speaking,
 Word of doubtful import seeking,
 The licentious jest and song
 Flowed all naked from the tongue ;
 Save when at times the monarch swart,
 Frank of speech and free of heart,

Bantered coarsely with one nigh —
 One he loved him seated by,
 One, the featest of the crowd,
 At word of wit, and answer lewd—
 Jest and gibe, that elsewhere said,
 Had stained the cheek, and bowed the head.

All that men of meaner mould
 (So they deem us,) sacred hold,
 Slightly, sneeringly they touch—
 Strange, a word should taint so much—
 Hadst thou heard—though heaven still shield thee,
 Nor ever to such hearing yield thee!
 Thou perhaps a while hadst thought
 Things most revered were nought—
 Sad and painful lesson theirs
 To unlearn the tongue of years;
 Better, at their mother's knee,
 In their innocent infancy,
 They had died than lived for this—
 Gaining life, true life to miss.

And the highest there of all
Was the chiefest criminal.

Reverence of the Power Supreme,
They passed unargued as a dream :
Honour to the aged due,
Stedfast love and friendship true,
Large and noble heart that gives,
Nor asks return where it relieves.
Truthful word, and hopeful thought
Deeming virtue still unbought ;
Grieving o'er a brother's fall ;
Slow to judge, believing all ;—
Touched by them, each lofty theme
Withered to an idiot's dream.

Or talk of helpless beauty's youth,
Urge its claim on manly ruth—
Smiled each glittering cavalier
On his leman seated near ;

Loud the careless courtier laughed,
And deep the king his goblet quaffed.

One alone, one duty still,
Hushed the smile, and stirred their zeal ;
But, where all beside was hollow,
Who shall say but this will follow
When the traitor shall appear ;—
So it chanced in later year ;—
Loud the vaulted rafters ring
To the cry, “ Long live the King !”

Wo the people, when its lords
Revel at such festive boards ;
When the wantons congregate,
Where the council should hold state ;
And the queen, the consort wed,
Mourns too soon her widowed bed :
Vainly teems the fruitful ground,
With all plenteous harvests crowned ;

Vainly steer, with favouring wind,
Laden keels from lavish Ind ;
Arts and arms shall all decay,
Vice alone bear despot sway,
Till the cup of wrath is brimmed,
And the glory waned and dimmed.

Wo the people, when its lord
Shuns the olive, draws the sword ;
Not as drew the nobler Swede,
Hero honoured in his deed ;
Not his country's peace to shield,
When the eager foe's afield ;
But to win the unhallowed name
Of conquerors of olden fame ;
Men that 'neath their mailéd feet
Trampled right and pity sweet ;
Men that to their iron car
Yoked the fiends of hellish war.

Wo such people, nought it knows
Of the blessing of repose :
Long and vainly shall it mourn,
Asking when shall peace return :
O'er the desolated plains
Carnage stalks, confusion reigns ;
And the cause and guiding hand,
He that should have blessed his land.

Had he known that better part,
To reign within a nation's heart ;—
Had he but an hour aside,
Laid all circumstance of pride ;
Forth amid his people gone,
Marked their tears, and heard their moan ;
And from lips all wan and pale
Caught some old forgotten tale
Of the good ancestral chief—
And the word would wake their grief—

How his people ever were
 All to him, his joy and care ;
 How he wondered kings could be
 Heedless, cold, and hard to see ;
 How he never sought to add
 Rood of ground to that he had ;
 Nor, to aggrandize himself,
 Touched their store, decreased their pelf :
 How he would no other guard,
 But their love, his safest ward :—
 He perchance had owned at last
 Other conquests his surpassed.

Laureate bards may sell their bays,
 And conscious of the guilty praise,
 Sing his deeds in venal lays ;
 But despite the apostate lyre,
 Honest hearts shall glow with ire ;—
 Flattering tongues may urge him on
 Still to do as he has done,

But despite the lying tale,
Other sounds his knell shall hail,
And his record true and stern
Long outlive the pompous urn.

O History ! another mind
In thy lessons now I find,
Than inspired my fancy young,
When upon thy page I hung.
Then I loved the ferial spear,
With its augury of fear—
And the beacon brand of war
Hurrying onward fast and far—
And the hot contested day—
And the tidings of the fray,
Outstripping scarce the savage foe—
Such I loved—now let them go.

On thy tablets old and hoar,
These will keep their place no more,

Ages still, alas ! of wrong
 Shall before thee roll along,
 But—or is the thought a dream ?—
 Thou wilt shame thee of such theme,
 When the praise of ruffian strength
 Shall be frowned upon at length,
 And thy Great no more shall be
 They who make our misery.

To the King, an idle sound
 Is the yoke on others bound,
 Vice by stealth he never knew
 Bare her bosom to his view ;
 Should he heaven's command refuse,
 Nought his desperate will subdues ;
 Other bridle owns he none,
 When of that the dread is gone.

As a beacon on a hill
 They, the monarch's seat who fill,

Not alone they fall or rise,
 Nations wait upon their eyes ;
 Secret refuge have they none,
 Where the hour to pass alone ;
 Rumour, falsehood, envy, each,
 Haste to tell—invent—impeach :
 Who shall guard them, who shall draw
 Humbly 'neath religion's law?
 Who but He, who placed them there,
 In that seat of glittering care.
 For Thy Vicegerents we plead,—
 Jesu ! keep them in their need.

But, when from His law declined,
 Judge them, man, with gentle mind :
 From all points of bending earth,
 Sally their temptations forth.
 Hard believe it to refrain,
 When a nod the wish can gain ;
 Pity them ! but ah ! the more
 All the ill they do, deplore ;

Men of humble lowly place
 Die, nor leave a lasting trace.
 With their dust departs their deed
 Till the Judgment tell the meed :
 What are they to those who live ?
 Nothing of them doth survive ;
 And their very name is gone
 Ere the year of sorrow's done.

Not unnoted dies the Prince,
 Not so fades his memory hence.
 History, and tale, and song,
 Evermore his life prolong.—
 Like a lustrous diamond bright,
 Sparkling best in darkest night,
 Through the twilight of the past
 Lo ! what beams his virtues cast—
 But how baleful glows the flame
 That reveals the tainted name !

Needs it not repentance deep
 Ere he close his eyes in sleep,

To annul the wasted past—
 Sins, that ever to the last
 Scatter o'er earth's fruitful field
 Seeds that dreadful harvest yield ?

Carnage, pestilence, and dearth,
 Giant scavengers of earth ;
 Sisters three that hand in hand
 Hovering o'er the nations stand ;
 Doubtful choice and dreadful, given
 Once to him beloved of heaven—
 Awful are you in your wrath,
 None may live who cross your path,
 Cities, where your tread has swept
 All their habitants have wept.

Yet the monarch's guilty life
 Is with fuller murder rife ;
 For, in the measureless account,
 When all deeds to judgment mount,

Who shall say the life of earth,
Twixt Creation's end and birth,
Can balance with its countless host
One lost soul—for ever lost ?

Yes, his life no period knows,
Till all records Time shall close,
And his terror who shall say,
When upon that final day
Souls, that but for him had lived,
Souls that parted hence unshrived,
Souls that warmed the immortal clay,
Ages since he passed away,
Then will troop around and tell
How he shaped their path to hell—
Power Supreme, thine angry eye,
Whither shall he seek to fly ?—
How before thy Throne appear ?
What the judgment he shall hear ?

King ! a herald voice is nigh,
 Message bringing ; hark the cry.
 Clear it comes, " Yet forty days,
 " And Nineveh the Lord shall raze."
 He has heard the mighty din,
 Deep his golden hall within,
 And, from his dais starting up,
 Dashes down th' untasted cup—
 Has the arrow sped so true ?
 King of men ! thou'rt stricken through.

The King has left his seat of state,
 And all his high decree await.
 May humble thoughts attend him now !
 Will he resist the Lord, or bow ?
 The word and doing of a king
 Is not a solitary thing ;
 It may not speedily expire ;
 But even as that unholy fire
 That naught might quench, subdue, control,
 That, from the walls of Estambol,

Rained upon Othman's hosts of yore,
 While back appalled the bravest bore ;
 So doth the king's example still
 Give forth the germ of good or ill,
 Nor lives the tenant of a throne
 In weal or ill for self alone.

But how may he lament his fall,
 And loathe his sin in sight of all ?
 How from his high estate descend,
 And in a suppliant's posture bend ?
 How shall thy monarch, Nineveh,
 Confess a mightier power than he ?—
 Ah joy, he lays his pomp aside,
 And loathes the ensigns of his pride ;
 Nor readier, in his prime of power,
 When girded by the noble band
 Of the high magnates of the land,
 Th' Imperial Dalmatic he wore,
 Than now he casts his purple down,
 Self-deemed unworthy of the crown.

Coarse sackcloth wraps his stately limbs,
 And dust his regal beauty dims.
 Long sate he silent on the ground,
 With bitter ashes strewed around ;
 Revolving much his years misspent,
 With no bright hours of virtue blent,
 Nights of debauch, and days effete,
 No pleasure new, no promise sweet ;
 When, of his very weariness
 He doffed his soft and silken dress,
 And sounded note of battle stern,
 That some reluctant land might mourn
 In bloody field and bootless fight,
 His craving for a fresh delight.

He had left the judgment and the cause
 To partial men who strained his laws ;
 The monarch's noblest diadem
 T' award the right, the wrong condemn,
 His humbled brow had ne'er adorned—
 How differed he from one suborned ?

'Twas by his wrong that helpless truth
 Was prey to those who knew no ruth.
 The noble shame that paints the cheek,
 When grateful tongues thy bounty speak—
 The blessing of the fatherless—
 Of him who cries in his distress—
 His quickened step had never stirred
 To shun the praise yet gladly heard ;
 Ah ! might his death for all atone,
 Nought would be reck of life or throne,
 Were he alone the doomed of heaven,
 And they and all their sins forgiven.

Such wise, perchance, suggestion wrought
 A timid hope, a saving thought.
 The anger of the Lord is fierce,
 And as He lists, His arrows pierce ;
 Yet would He torture ere He slay,
 Should no remorse His wrath allay,
 And long before the stroke He deal,
 The death knell of the sinner peal—

How, in the very fount of grace,
Should drop so bitter find a place ?

What woe, the changing moon to scan,
While her last round for them she ran ;—
How would the solemn mysteries,
Whose burning page o'erspreads the skies,
Remind the watcher of the night
How brief for him that holy light.
Apsis and Node shall never more
The bearded Archimage explore.—
Strange ! that his skill had failed t' evoke
A presage of the coming stroke ;
So had the chief from sin returned,
So had great Nineveh been warned.
How dull and slow the hours would go,
Charged with one thought, the coming woe ;—
How swiftly will their wings have sped,
When all save one, the last, are fled !
So still, perhaps, may heaven avert
The stroke that in the air doth hover ;

The sorrows of the contrite heart

Have power full oft its sin to cover ;
 But howsoe'er the Lord shall do,
 Still all shall own Him just and true,
 And even in death their faith be strong—
 How should the Judge of earth do wrong ?

He rose, brief council held, and bade
 The mandate unto all he said—

“ Let none this day in Nineveh taste aught,
 “ Vassal or Prince—flock, steed, or beast of
 draught ;
 “ Vesture of gold and silk, trappings of horse,
 “ Be changed for stubborn serge and sackcloth coarse :
 “ Let all cry mightily to God, and mourn
 “ Their violent works, and from their sin return.
 “ So will He stay, perchance, His wrath, and blot
 “ His threatened purpose, that we perish not.”

And God beheld their works, and spared,
 Nor did, as had the Seer declared—

Yea, He repented too, nor sent
The Angel and the Punishment.

Bright glow of penitence and faith
That burned amid the damps of death !
An Ethnic of the Jew abhorred—
That heathen too, the proudest lord
That swayed the destinies of earth,
Pours tears and supplications forth ;—
He bids his people sue for grace,—
Bent is each knee, and veiled each face.

One only in Jehovah's name
Unto that prince and people came,
But long it were the list to tell,
Scoffed by thy pride, O Israel !
From him the son of Nebat scorned,
When by the shrine of Bethel warned,
And on to that far mightier seer,
Who in the scroll wrote words of fear,
For purpose merciful designed,
That Judah and her ruler blind

Should leave idolatry and sin,
 And heaven to love and pardon win.
 And when, from South and West and North,
 Summoned of God, shall issue forth,
 Who on the way shall pass thee by,
 The East shall swell the tribute high.—

And now methinks the Spirit draws,
 And I obey, and there is cause ;
 One standeth amid many, stern,
 And they are pale and proud by turn ;
 Yet falls denunciation still,
 From lips whence blessings wont distil :
 A solemn Judge, no pleader He,
 And thus he dooms the Pharisee :
 AGAINST THIS GENERATION SHALL THE SONS
 OF NINEVEH ARISE, AND IT DENOUNCE.
 THEY BOWED BEFORE THE PREACHING OF THE SEER,
 AND LO ! THAN JONAH STANDS A MIGHTIER HERE.

**NAY BUT, O MAN, WHO ART THOU THAT REPLIEST
AGAINST GOD ?**



PRIEST of the all-enduring Lord !
Whose patient mien and gentle word
The comfort of the Cross have borne
To many an anguished heart and torn ;
Hearts that perchance had never bared
 Their depths of guilt and gloom,
Had He denounced alone, nor spared
 The menace and the doom :—
—There are, whose bosoms never swell
To the all-wondrous miracle ;
Who feel no throb of pulses, when
Far memory calls to Fancy's ken,

The mountain, plain, or valley, trod

By the Incarnate God.—

Lo ! where to Nain he cometh near,
And they are still who bear the bier ;
The word is said—no longer dead,
The widow's child uplifts his head—

Toward the green margin of the lake
Their weary way what thousands take ;

For He that raised the dead is there—
And though the desert wilderness
Spreads far away, still on they press

His gracious words to hear ;
The words of blessing are outspoken,
The scanty bread is freely broken,
And sated famine round has strewed
The food that fed the multitude.—

There are, who glance upon the page
That witnesses to every age

His works surpassing thought,
 And not a dull emotion feel ;
 But turn aside with breast of steel,
 Despite each marvel wrought :
 And when He walked the sea alone—
 And when He stilled the stormy wave—
 And when He triumphed o'er the grave—
 The Saviour still disown :—
 Yet they the pang of shame have felt,
 As on His pitying words they dwelt,
 And *then* have bowed the head and knelt,
 And owned Him Lord indeed,
 When, gazing on the godless City,
 He wept above it, in that pity,
 Tears such as never fell beside,
 Not when He mourned the friend who died,
 Though there so soon to bleed :—
 Or when, despite the lingering death,
 He pardoned with His latest breath—
 “ Father, forgive them ”—many a breast
 His influence then has first confessed ;

Felt, man can pity scarce an hour,
But in His patience owned His power—

Priest of the Lord ! let lowly thought
And gentle, be thy staff and guide :

Such as I deem to Enoch taught,
When God and he walked side by side ;
And ever from thy temperate mind
Cast pride's impatient scorn behind.
Seek ever to be soul-subdued,
Nor bend thy brow to passion's mood :
Not so, indeed, that men should see,
Lest such at length thy purpose be,
But for His sake, who never frowned
Till the false Pharisee be found.

Nor ever, when the Spirit's seal
Is still withheld, nor all thy zeal
Has called one wanderer to the fold,
Repine thou, as the Seer of old.

What, shalt thou deem thy service slighted,
 Thy zeal all unrequited,
 Because, unheeded and unheard,
 The warning voice, the winning word
 Like dew upon the rock have fallen,
 Like rain-drop upon torrent swollen ?

Be humble thou, and patient still,
 Nor cease the barren soil to till ;
 Exhort to good ; rebuke ; reprove ;
 And ever with long-suffering love ;
 Call unto Him (such prayer not vain)
 Who sends the first and later rain ;
 Nor count thy toils ; ah, what are they
 In sight of Him, whose long delay,
 Whose patience o'er one hour of thine
 Should chide thee when thou would'st repine,
 And deemst it strange thou canst not win
 One soul from one oft-challenged sin ?

Rather, within thine inmost heart,
Search, wherefore so denied thou art ;
And blush to see the waning fire
Of faith that hastens to expire
Upon that cold untended shrine,
Nor question then the will divine,
And own the search for earth's applause,
Ill-veiled by zeal for God's high cause.

Or, if sincere in single thought,
For heaven alone thy work be wrought ;
Doubt lest thy zeal untempered be
By patience and full charity—
Ne'er blazon to the scoffing tongue
The truths from writhing conscience wrung.
Let him who, much perplexed and tried,
Has bared awhile his breast of pride,
And—spite the struggle and the shame,
With heart still but as tiger tame—
Has called thee to relieve the pain
That chills his breast, and thrills his brain,

Ready to turn with fiercer ire
 Soon as the transient glow expire—
 Let him not fear he whispers then
 One thought that shall be told to men.

Nor must thou, calm and cold of eye,
 Within the wounds uncovered pry ;
 Nor think to make that trembling wretch
 A student's page, a text to preach—
 A happy circumstance, wherein
 Thy heart a deeper skill may win.
 The scalpel, man, is not for thee
 To use with touch from trembling free ;
 Leave this to earthly leeches,—best
 Their craft they do, who feel the least—
 But thou, if thou thy calling know,
 In every word and look must show
 Pity and pain, that he may own
 Thou probest but for God alone.

And certés, if upon the maze
 Of thine own heart thou turn thy gaze,

It asks light thought thereon to mark
 Full many a dangerous spot and dark,
 And thou wilt need no prompting other,
 That he who sins is still thy brother.

And so, even when to general sight
 The loathsome leprosy and blight
 Some festering soul have crusted o'er,
 And through it spread one cankered sore ;
 Thou wilt not shun, but seek to save,
 Though torn by fears, it rage and rave :—
 Nay, thou wilt think with hopeful cheer,
 That wildest wrath is fed by fear :—
 Thy patience to that wrath oppose,
 And pitying, think what nameless throes,
 What retrospect, what dreaded end,
 That racked and guilty bosom rend.

And, though the mercy still is spurned,
 Be thy sad thought a moment turned

To that far dreamy childhood time,
 When he, that man so stained by crime,
 Sported, a free and careless boy,
 Instinct with innocence and joy ;
 And think, as thou perforce must need,
 If in thy breast the father plead,
 How deep he plunged beneath the abyss,
 Before he passed from that to this.

O feel for him, O kneel for him
 Whose cup is flowing to the brim,
 And haply thou wilt touch at length
 Some chord of feeling, of whose strength
 He the lost now, unconscious all,
 Had felt the power before that fall ;
 And grace will aid thy weak endeavour
 And quell that black and scorching fever.

Or if such fruit be still denied ;
 And thou upon the thankless tide

Have cast in vain the bread of life,
 Submerged amid the whirling strife,
 Still labour in the work of heaven :—
 Not careless He for whom 'tis given :—
 Still murmur not, nor question, why
 He so permit His word to die—

And haply when thy day of rest
 Is come, and thou art with the blest ;
 The seed thou didst so seek to rear,
 And watered with the hopeless tear,
 Fall'n haply where thou sawest it not,
 Upon some spot, some little spot,
 Fruitful where all beside was dead,
 Or by rank growth of sin o'erspread—
 Will spring in full luxuriance forth,
 And give such heavenly promise birth,
 That many a heart of sin will bless
 Thy toil and slighted tenderness.
 And as they muse above the mould,
 Where scarce thy slighted dust is cold,

The better memory of the just
 Will rise as from that silent dust,
 Till thou the parent germ shall be,
 Whence many a goodly fruitful tree
 Linked each with each, will spring, and show
 More comely than the groves that grow
 From the banana's arms depending,
 Fresh pillars forth, and branches sending.

If, when the scoffing world shall rail,
 No better mood in thee prevail :—
 If weak in love, in judgment stern,
 Thou chill the soul that would return,
 And thunder in the sinner's ear
 No painful doom of judgment near ;—
 If, steeling so the hardened heart,
 Thou make it lother still to part
 With the fond cherished sin that now
 The bolder meets thy sullen brow,—

If from the good aside thou bend,
That may for saving purpose blend
With sins so well discerned, nor own
That good may yet that ill atone ;—
If thou in censure take delight,
And boast the far and searching sight
That saw the rising cloud of sin,
And glory in that vision keen :—
If to thy shame thou treasure up
The woes that fill the sinner's cup,
Summing them all, and so declare
No hope for penitence is there ;—
Though, like the Ninevite, he bow
His heart by mercies humbled now,
And in the all-atoning tide
That burst for him from Jesus' side,
He wash that dreadful Past away,
And baulk the archfiend of his prey,—
If, when that change thou dost behold
Thy sympathies and love be cold,

And thou dost sigh and shake the head,
 Feigning a doubt ; but with a dread
 Lest men a prophet false should name thee ;
 Nor of such conscious feeling shame thee—

—Then, mourn that in that solemn date,
 When thou didst give thyself to God,
 Thou didst not pause and hesitate
 Before the path was trod ;
 The thorny path of self-denial,
 Of difficulty, care, and trial,
 Where pride, in others scarce revealed,
 Will spring like weed o'er wasted field ;
 That path to which uncalled we press,
 And all too late the sin confess,
 Whereon how few the world resign,
 How many for its love repine,
 Or o'er God's heritage essay
 To gain the mastery and sway ;

Where base contention loves to creep,
 The viler for its own vile sleep—
 For, O believe it, and beware
 No risk to thee like envy's snare!
 And, when the gainful toil thou seest
 Of humbler, more devoted priest,
 And hearest from emulous-ardent lips,
 The praise that speaks thine own eclipse, —
 If thou canst fail to joy therein,
 Then art thou bondman to that sin.

Ah ! thou art hedged with many a toil,
 Whose lightest mesh thy strength will foil ;
 Have crowds upon thine accents hung,
 And listened to thy suasive tongue ?
 Do eyes from others all decline,
 And chain their upturned gaze on thine,
 Melt and dissolve, or glow and burn,
 As thou the page of life dost turn ?
 When breasts throb high, and glances glisten,
 Ne'er to thy heart's bad whisper listen ;

Resist the busy tempter there,
 And raise to heaven the humbler prayer
 That He, who smote the haughty King,
 Even in his pride's full blossoming,
 Will spare thee on that perilous steep ;
 Will give thee grace His fear to keep ;
 Will bow thy soul the least beneath
 Of those that heed thine every breath,
 And to thyself the spirit teach
 Of that thou lovest so well to preach—

“ Jesus a little child to Him did call,
 And set him in the sight of all,
 And spake, I say to you, Except ye be
 As little children, ye shall nowise see
 The Kingdom of Heaven—

Therefore, by whom the humble heart is nursed,
 Even as this little child's, the same is first
 In that My Kingdom.”

THE harps of heaven are swelling loud,
And every angel head is bowed
Toward the sovereign mercy throne,
Girt with surpassing light as with a zone.
And brighter now the ardent rays
Around the awful Presence blaze ;
And higher even than wont
Upwells the sweet harmonious chant
That speeds the universe to tell,
Yea, bears to disappointed Hell
The tidings measureless, sublime,
That GOD has pardoned crime.

Bear it, angelic messengers,
 And on your sounding wings
 Tell it abroad, that whoso errs
 May drink of mercy's springs;
 Ye thought-outrunning winds—
 Couriers of God, athwart the sky that post
 Above this nether earth, till ye are lost
 In the Inane, proclaim that whoso finds
 His heart's sore need, shall never miss the gate
 That leads to bliss along the pathway strait.
 Twin orbs that rule the firmament together;
 And ye, bright stars, that from the purple ether
 Watch ceaseless on your golden thrones above us,
 Be witness how your Lord doth love us!
 And thou, fair earth, in sweet concert unite,
 And as thou rollest in thine orbit bright,
 From mountain, and deep forest, raise
 Thy special hymn of praise,
 While the unsleeping ocean murmurs high
 Its solemn joy.

O for one raptured fleeting dream
To paint heaven's young immortal choir,
As rising with the gracious theme
Their kindling notes swell higher !
It were a dream to think upon,
Though all that earth can give were gone ;
A lofty glimpse of heaven that never
Should pass, till soul and sense dissever.

But mortal sense might ne'er endure
The presence of such vision pure ;
And nerve and brain alike would reel,
Such solemn ecstasy to feel.
Enough that he, whose soul intent
To do the work of heaven is bent,
Who on the rough and thorny road,
Essays to tread as Christ has trod,
Who seeks by diligence and care
To free the path from weed and tare,

That they who follow, may discern
 The track by his sure footstep worn,
 And, in his bright example, know
 One thorn the less to work them woe—
 Shall, to the myriads who adore
 The Throne and Lamb before,
 Add one immortal crown the more,
 And lasting laud himself outpour.

And O ! if transport reigns through heaven
 For one repentant and forgiven—
 If that all-sorrowing angel band
 That some career of sin has scanned,
 And then, could angels weep, had wept,
 When down the gulf the sinner leapt—
 If, sharply wounded by his chain,
 They joy to see him turn again,
 And hang in awe from heaven's broad height,
 To mark him wage the dreadful fight,

Shake off the grasp of hell and sin,
 And the long path to life begin—
 If, as he climbs with pain and toil,
 They whisper cheer and hope the while,
 And smile on him as angels smile ;
 And sorrow often to behold
 How slight upon the Rock his hold—
 If, when he crowns the steep at length,
 That man of feeble foot and strength,
 And bends before the Cross his knee—
 The Cross he ne'er had hoped to see ;—
 If then, the empyræan rings
 To heavenly voice and hallowed strings,—
 What rapture through the Angels thrilled,
 What holy joy their bosoms filled,
 When the stern thunders rolled away
 From that great city, Nineveh !

But he, whose honoured lips had spoken
 The judgment due for covenant broken—

He, the thrice-honoured instrument
 That bowed a people to repent ;
 Who by the virtue of his word
 Had stayed the anger of the Lord.
 And gained for mercy, victory,—
 He prayed to die.—

Yes, the full angel-anthem pealing,
 The sight of ransomed myriads kneeling,
 Awoke no transport in his heart—
 He prayed he might depart.

The day of doom was overspent,
 The fortieth evening came and went,
 Nor to the earth did fall
 Tower or battlement or hall,
 Nor upon man or beast that day
 The hand of God in judgment lay ;
 Prince and prisoned captive felt,
 Not vainly had they knelt,

And while with natural fear they gazed,
What time the sun descended slowly,
The offering of their faith was raised
In adoration lowly.

It was a solemn sight to mark
A people prostrate fall
With bended knees and silent lips,
As when the sun at noon's eclipse
Has given the world to sudden dark,
And cattle crouch, and birds all couch,
And man, to simple fears a thrall,
Yields to the spell that covers a' l.

Such wise, but deeper far, the quiet
That then usurped night's wonted riot,
Nor wooed the people needed rest
When dipping low beneath the west,
The sun had sought his lair ;

And quickly in those eastern skies
The bright, sad stars arise,
And their soft single rays are strewed
Above that bended multitude.

Behold, what glory fills the air ?
What, will He not accept the prayer ?—
Is it the red presaging glare
That bids them wait in slow despair
The avenging trumpets' blare ?—
In undulations bright
Spreads over heaven a waving light,
A splendour strange, and never seen
Amid those skies serene :
Not shooting like the angry lightning,
But softly, gently brightening,
Till o'er the sky its tresses waved,
And shed a pale soft light above the Saved,
A manifest sign of mercy sent
To those who could so well repent.

The certainty of pardon's won,
 The bitterness of death is gone ;
 The prostrate multitude arise,
 And one glad cry of praise ascends the skies ;
 Nor in one breast the tempter wrought
 His subtle will to raise a thought
 Suggestive of a doubt of him
 Whose tidings caused that grateful hymn.

Alas ! that he alone could mourn
 To see the Avenging Angel turn ;
 He, ere the eventful day arose—
 That day, to Nineveh the close
 Of chastisement, when Death in vain
 Had counted up his promised slain,
 And loathsome vultures, instinct-led,
 Now screamed and soared for surer dead ;—
 He frowning stalked the city through,
 As with some inspiration true,
 And round him close his mantle drew ;

Nor met in peace one hand or eye,
Of those that hurrying passed him by,
Lest gibe even then, or taunting look
His doubted mission should rebuke.
Alas! and could he deem in sooth
Of question 'gainst his word's high truth,
From hearts that, were not all believed,
Had never turned, had never grieved;
Whose false repentance, instant read
By Him, before whose vision dread
Each nascent thought of man is spread—
If bent that mission to arraign
Should their loud cry not rise in vain—
Had wrought for them, in God's decree,
A deeper woe, if such could be.

He rose, he trod the City fast,
And through the eastern gate he passed,
Its dust from off his feet he shook,
And turning oft the expectant look,

He stayed him on a slope that crowned
The waste, and gave large prospect round ;
And gathered from the sandy plain
Scant forest boughs with irksome pain,
And for a tabernacle wove
The branches of the scattered grove.

And ever and anon his hand
He held, and the great City scanned,
Doubting each glance should be the last
He might upon its temples cast :
But still no cloud the sun obscured,
No sheet of flame the heavens down poured ;
No fissures of the yawning earth
The glowing lava-stream gave forth ;
And then he plied his task amain,
While fell the drops of sweat as rain,
Till thickly o'er his fainting head
The full and leafy screen was spread ;
Then stretched his limbs the shade beneath,
What time the sun with scorching breath

Was fiercely climbing to his height,
 And doffed the clouds around him dight,
 When man to shady haunts and cool,
 Retired, and cattle sought the pool,
 And through the caravan's array,
 Prone on the sands full many lay,
 Oppressed by that too ardent sun,
 When the far goal of months was won.

Awhile he gazed impatiently—
 He looked o'er sky and earth, to see
 The coming woe of Nineveh.
 He knew that woe was cancelled now,
 And, angered much, with gloomy brow,
 And heart with bitter feeling fraught,
 He uttered thus his wayward thought :

“ When first Thy Spirit was sent to me,
 “ To witness against Nineveh,
 “ I had not, Lord, in self-willed mood,
 “ The avenging mission so withstood,

“ But that all memories of the past
“ Came thronging o’er me thick and fast,
“ And, of this hour afraid,
“ Augured too well, alas ! my mind,
“ That in the future I should find
“ Old truth again displayed ;
“ And mercy raise her silver shield,
“ And the wide sore again be healed.

“ I deemed, nor falsely deemed, that He
“ Who could suspend the Great Decree,
“ Even in the hour when erring man
“ First forfeited his guilty span,
“ Would hear the pleadings of remorse,
“ Nor give His doom the destined course.

“ And now will godless men defame
“ With mocking words Thy holy name,
“ And say, ‘ Is this the jealous Lord,
“ ‘ Who smote far Egypt with a word ;

- “ ‘ Choked with hot blood Nile’s monster-spawn,
 “ ‘ And thrice denied the blessed dawn ;
 “ ‘ Sent fire for rain in all her coasts,
 “ ‘ And o’er her showered the locust-hosts ;
 “ ‘ Who drew that universal groan
 “ ‘ From Egypt’s breast, when fell
 “ ‘ The first-born, from the monarch’s throne
 “ ‘ To the captive-haunted cell ?
 “ ‘ This He, the mighty Lord, who marched
 “ ‘ In pillared fire and cloud ;
 “ ‘ And through the desert waste and parched,
 “ ‘ Led Israel’s helpless crowd ;
 “ ‘ And, when the parted waters through
 “ ‘ They passed, who bade them stand and view
 “ ‘ At bay the bloody Wolf ;
 “ ‘ Ere horseman dead, and strangled horse,
 “ ‘ Rolled eddying onward, corse on corse,
 “ ‘ Down the Egyptian gulf—
 “ ‘ This,—before whom our gods are mute—
 “ ‘ This,—that can threat, not execute ?’

- " Yes, Lord, I knew Thy name of old,
 " And thence obedience due withheld.
 " In the Book's volume is it read,
 " How oft Thy judgments are unsaid,
 " And from the hour when death and shame
 " The portion of all flesh became,
 " To this thy latest clemency,
 " Have sinners been absolved by Thee:
 " And to my soul a present thought
 " The day of Sinai's promise brought,
 " When, near the servant of Thy choice
 " Thou stood'st, and with a trumpet's voice
 " Thyself proclaim'dst, the Gracious King,
 " Merciful, Patient-suffering
 " Iniquity and sin forgiving,
 " And longest with the guiltiest striving.

 " And whither shall I now betake me,
 " When Thy right hand and strength forsake me ?

“ Ah ! let me to the desert fly,
 “ And hide me still from human eye.
 “ There, in some old forgotten cell,
 “ Haunt once of simple hermit, dwell ;
 “ There feign that Thou didst never choose me,
 “ Or try to doubt that men refuse me—
 “ Or when in better mood I bow,
 “ And feel the calm I know not now,
 “ There would I dream of honoured days
 “ When I of GOD and man had praise.

“ Ah, wherefore—when Thou took'st away
 “ The burden that on Israel lay,
 “ And, moved to see her utter woe,
 “ Thou badest me to her ruler go,
 “ That ruler of ill-omened name
 “ Twice recreant now to honest fame—*
 “ When by the power and promise given
 “ Through me, then Seer confessed of heaven,

* Jeroboam ii.

“ He, and our God-protected powers
“ Anew had conquered Hamath’s towers,
“ And forced the Lord of Syria’s hosts
“ To fly our desolated coasts ;—
“ When southward the proud gonfalon
“ Of Israel’s hosts had freely gone
“ With sackbut and the merry noise
“ Of cymbals, and the trumpet’s voice,
“ Sweeping the restless infidel
“ From fields where he no more should dwell,
“ Till stayed beside the Dead-salt Sea,
“ It waved, the Standard of the free ;
“ And twice by word prophetic fixed,
“ Though fears and foes had risen betwixt,
“ The ramparts of our state arose,
“ And frowned above our baffled foes—
“ Ah wherefore died I not that hour !
“ How gladly had I parted then
“ From the free intercourse of men,
“ If to my soul some prescient power

" Had this revealed, this bitter day,
 " Whereon in vain the death I pray ;
 " So had I lain in honoured dust,
 " And all had owned me true and just.

" But now, if length of years to me
 " Be measured forth in Thy decree,
 " In sorrow must my pilgrimage
 " Conduct me to unfriended age ;
 " And as some cresset lamp, (whose light
 " With grateful ray has cheered the night,
 " And ministered the friendly oil,
 " As round the household ply their toil :)
 " Outworn at length, is thrown aside
 " With oil no more and light supplied :—
 " Even so to me is all denied :
 " So shall the evening close around me,
 " And sorrow and its train surround me ;
 " Ne'er more shall I, thought terrible !
 " Be deemed a seer in Israel ;

“ And darkly must I wander on,
 “ The fire divine all quenched and gone ;
 “ The cheerful face of man must fly,
 “ Nor hold great converse with the sky ;
 “ And find, last solace and relief,
 “ The grave sole refuge of my grief.

“ Therefore now let me die. Take Thou
 “ This life of mine, this burden now—
 “ I have seen that solemn thing and strange,
 “ The Lord His will declare,—and change.”

So poured the prophet his lament,
 And moodily his brow was bent ;
 So plained he, nor of heaven unheard
 The selfish and the angry word :
 Yet gracious still the answer ran,
 He said not well—vengeance was not for man.

But could he then have bent at will
 The deadly shaft, to strike and kill,

Small time might Nineveh obtain,
Ere down in wrathful fire,
As on the cities of the plain,
Had rained his headlong ire.
Callous was he, and stern of mood,
And ill with that high love endued,
That, in an after day
Rebuked, from heaven's own lips, the thought,
That God's best purposes are wrought,
When zeal is strong to slay.

He cared not for the myriads there,
He thought not of their long despair,
Though many a form of gallant bearing
Fared bended now, and slowly, wearing
In ashy lips and whitened hair
Deep token of a lasting care.
From his own knowledge could he tell
What sorrow on that people fell ;

They were as he ; no fear he felt,
But in their several bosoms dwelt.
They were as he ; and still he strove
To turn from them God's patient love,
That sovereign grace whose bounteous Giver
Had deigned so late his life deliver ;
That slighted grace, that failed to wring
One memory now of mercy's spring
From him, who had he pondered well,
Had hasted of that grace to tell,
When Nineveh in ashes sate,
And lightened so her heavy strait.

But oft, though men by proof confessed
The prophet's rede inspired his breast ;
Oft though with rapt extatic gaze
He pierced the mystery of days,
And on the gloomy track had seen
Vistas of light with vision keen,

Where things all unforeseen, or dim
 To other sight, were clear to him—
 The vision, and the time unveiled,
 That should have kept him low, and shown
 By the full light they cast thereon
 The darkness of his soul, had failed
 To bend that soul to consciousness
 Of all its own unworthiness.

•

Glimpses of heaven he had, and word
 From GOD, unutterable, heard ;
 And when to earth again he turned,
 He loathed its wretchedness, and spurned
 Its partial good :—the heart that bleeds
 Beneath the infinity of its needs
 Touched not his sympathies ;—he caught
 Its faults alone, nor pardoned aught.

A prophet he of that stern leaven
 That sorted not with sin forgiven,

The terrors of the trampled law,
 Won from his lips an added awe ;
 Nor thought he, when repentance pleaded,
 How deep himself forgiveness needed ;—
 The burden of his solemn warrant
 Had frozen in him sweet mercy's current ;
 And the great work upon him wrought
 Was to him now a thing of nought.

The darkness of his awful prison,
 The depth from which his life had risen,
 The blinding unexpected blaze
 Of love that had o'erwhelmed his gaze,
 Ceased to recall the recent sin ;
 And so that City failed to win
 Grace at his hands. 'Tis so with all :
 Man chief condemns his fellow's fall.

Great Spirit ! may I believe unchidden,
 Thy gentlest effluence still was hidden,

Despite all marvellous gifts, from those
 Who in the imperfect light arose
 To witness of the coming day?—
 Sure, partial blindness o'er them lay,
 So sore they smote, so ill they spared;
 Until, the Comforter declared,
 Thou taught'st to man a better zeal,
 And badest thy servants speak to heal—

Or was it that with love as true
 As e'er the loved Disciple knew,
 They hushed its yearnings, though it bled
 Whene'er the word of woe was said,
 Lest the Great Sin, so often scourged,
 Its fibrous roots had deeper urged
 In that rank soil,—and quelled the grief,
 Because their love to heaven was chief?—

* * * *

Vainly the prophet raised that bower
 To shield him from the noon-day power:

Withered and parched, and scorched eftsoon,
 The leaves upon the sand are strewn,
 And full athwart each scanty bough
 That ministers slight umbrage now,
 The curious beams their way have wrought,
 And changed the Seer's all selfish thought :
 But lo ! a marvel and surprise—
 Two lobes from out the earth arise ;
 And from the tender germ forth springing—
 Then, life-like, to the dead boughs clinging—
 The knotted creeping plant is spread
 Flexile and strong, above his head.

Inward and out, in wanton play,
 The lapping leaves their breadth display ;
 Nay, downward o'er the arid ground,
 In wild luxuriance creep around ;
 And he that in the fresh green shade,
 His limbs again so blithely laid,

Feared lest the breeze, too searching-keen,
 Should rend that young and leafy screen ;
 Until the trembling leaves assume
 A rougher touch, a darker bloom ;—
 With lither grasp the tendrils weave
 Their arms above the embowered cave,
 And the stout plant, with prickly rind,
 Soon stems and mocks the searching wind.

Haunt shadier never feigned the muse
 For loving pair or lone recluse ;
 Nor where, despite Calypso's smile,
 The wanderer wept his own far isle ;
 Nor where the goddess of the morn
 Hasted the nuptial bower t' adorn—
 Ortygian Delos,—for the love
 Of him thence slain by angry Jove ;—
 No greener covert wove for us
 That old, sad tale of Cephalus ;

When, ah ! too late assured, the wife
 Smiled, as she wept her ebbing life—
 Nor from more verdant alley peeping,
 The hunter gazed on Dian, dipping
 Her white limbs in the pool beside him,
 Nor cared what woe might thence betide him.

And grateful to the prophet's heart
 That bower, beyond all gift of art ;
 But as he lay beneath the shade,
 And idly with a tendril played ;
 Or tried anon, with curious gaze,
 To look athwart that leafy maze ;—
 Came there no image to his mind
 Of some sweet home to doom consigned
 Within that Nineveh ;—no joy,
 That heaven had heard its inmates cry ?
 Homes, where no gaudy blooms were fanned
 To take the eye, or tempt the hand ;

No beauties of bold glance, to dare
 The ravisher with bosom bare ;
 But sacred all to love and quiet,
 And strangers to the general riot ;
 Green spots to which in many a thought
 The labourer, as his work he wrought,
 Loved to return, and for awhile

 Upon his bare bronzed arms reclining,
 Would o'er his pictured treasures smile,
 Deeming them then before him shining ;
 And chief the wife, whose every care
 Was bent his welcome to prepare ;
 Herself perhaps, that very date,
 In fond conjecture of her mate
 Stopping alsó, then busier straight.—

The broad sun scants his fading beam,
 The oarsman toils to stem the stream,
 Lest ere he reach the City's wall
 The unwelcome night above him fall :

The watch is set, the gates are swung,
 The ponderous chain athwart them hung,
 The twilight brief and scant is closing,
 And all the wearier world reposing.—

The vespers of the Prophet said,
 He lays him on his leafy bed,
 And haply seems in sleep to see
 The burden of great Nineveh.
 But when at earliest watch began
 The stars before the dawn to wane,
 And soundly still the prophet slept—
 Then to th' o'erhanging tendrils crept
 A sudden blight, as through the germ
 That fed them, ate th' insidious worm.
 Yestre'en the limber plant and fresh
 Had held the lion in its mesh ;
 Now, the first breeze that breathes upon it,
 Though but to kiss, has overthrown it.

In the same hour the east wind came
 Keen-cutting, yet with breath of flame ;
 Vehement as that, the wave that dried,
 When Israel nigh Baal-zephon cried :
 All parched and hot the Seer arose
 With swelling pulse and fevered throes,
 As though some fearful dream appalled him,
 And swift to dark remembrance called him.
 Far other must I deem the waking,
 Then gently o'er the City breaking !

A glance upon the leaves he cast,
 That eddied round him wild and fast,
 And with a loud and bitter cry,
 He looked upon the burning sky,
 Whence full in his magnificence
 The sun confused and crushed his sense.
 Fainting he swooned, and when anon
 The dullness of the brain was gone,
 And still upon his forehead beat
 The bitter blast, the untempered heat,—

The passionate prayer anew was said,
 That heaven would count him with the dead ;
 And when again the pregnant word
 That showed Him patient still, was heard,
 He answered with the self-same cry ;
 Still as before, he longed to die.

Great Spirit of love ! not to my pen and verse
 Belongs, the boundless answer to rehearse.
 Mused on, and oft, it passes me to say ;
 No language, save Thine own, O Spirit, may.
 And, for I own that heretofore my thought
 Has, passed my knowledge and weak utterance,
 wrought,
 Here let the trespass cease. And couldst thou, Lord,
 Descend with man to parley, and afford
 Reason, out of Thy love for that thou madest,
 To spare and slay not ? From the day Thou badest
 Man first to live, till then, when on Thy Son,
 (Himself Incarnate Grace,) Thy will was done,

Thou didst not, Father, more Thyself approve
 Beneficent than now, greater in love,
 When, pitiful o'er the infant thought and crude,
 That knows not hand from hand, evil from good,
 And of Thy dumb creation taking heed,—
 The uncomplaining servants of our need—
 Thou didst endure of men to be arraigned,
 Slow to discern how best Thine ends are gained :
 Though shouldst Thou utterly forego Thy will
 Thy servants would confess Thee justest still.

Great is the conquest, great the fall, when live
 The dead again, and the Entombed revive.
 Captivity is captive so : but they
 So raised, nor can nor strive to disobey ;
 The bandage from the eyes, the ligament
 Falls from the feet, the sepulchre is rent,
 Or the stone rolled away, and the long-dead
 Come awful forth, soon as the word is said.—

It is a greater thing the soul to call
 From Sin's corruption. No material fall,—
 No, not this Habitable from its height,
 Can that exceed, when Sin is vanquished quite.
 All hear and tremble else. Herein alone
 Rebellion works ; disdains the Power to own ;
 And builds on Unbelief and Pride his throne.
 Be witness many a heart, rescued each day
 Spite of itself, what 'twas to wrench away
 The bonds it hugged. And if the man become
 So, a new creature ; be, as though the womb
 Again received him, and another bare ;
 Nay, if such change, that change but ill declare—
 Is not the overthrow complete herein ?
 Canst image forth a deeper doom for sin ?

And when thou find'st such holy leaven fermenting
 Through that great City, and its hosts repenting,
 Turning from all their violent deeds, and doing
 The good, that they had ever lived eschewing—

Dost thou not own the Overthrow ? The Seer
Looked for the visible ruin and sign of fear
From earth or angry firmament. Do thou,
If like him heretofore, thy spirit bow,
Humbled, confess Him true, whose word in aught
Failed not, yet Mercy out of Judgment brought.

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